

Is Integration Necessary? *Floyd McKissick*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Man alongside Mao

Edgar Snow

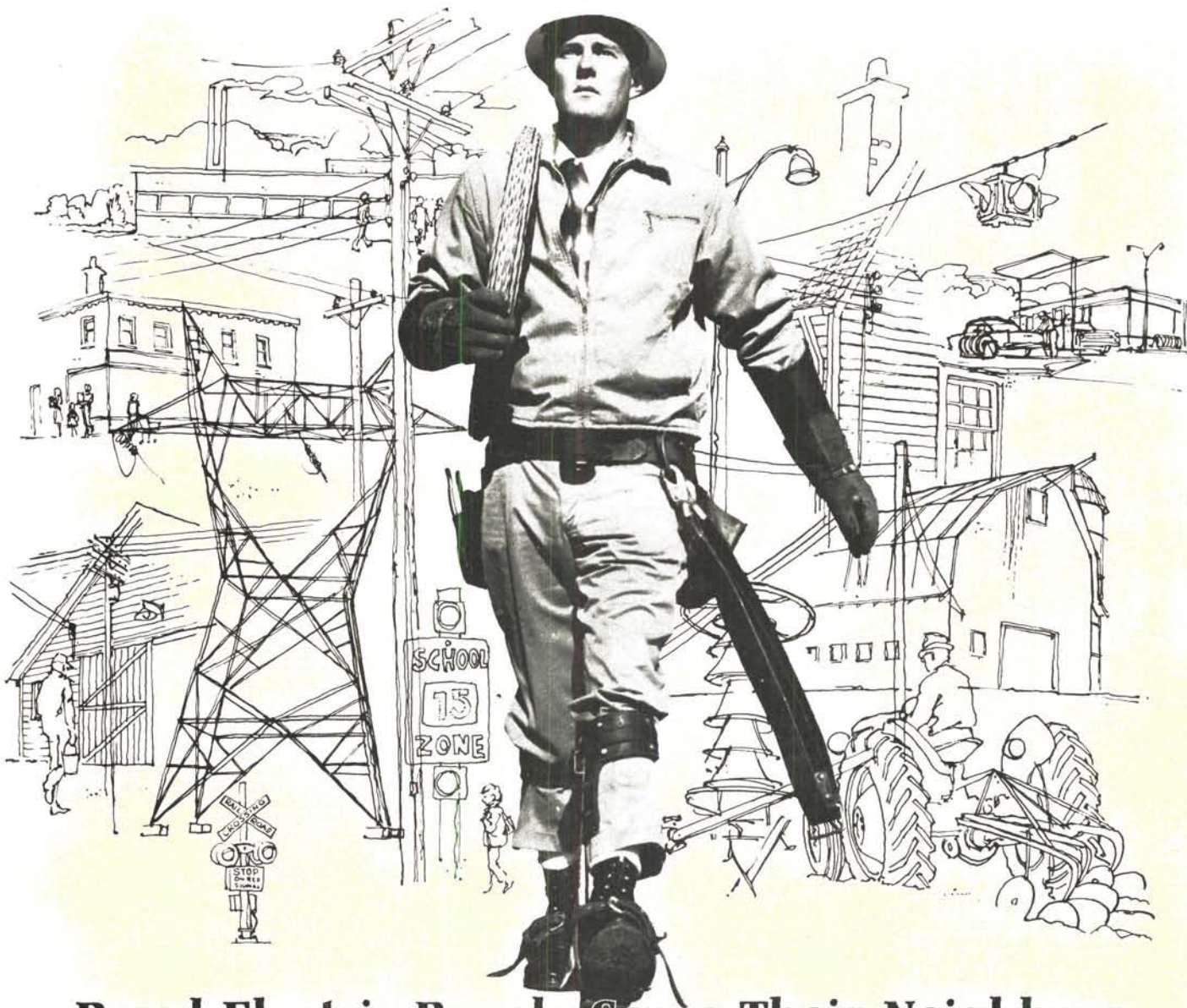
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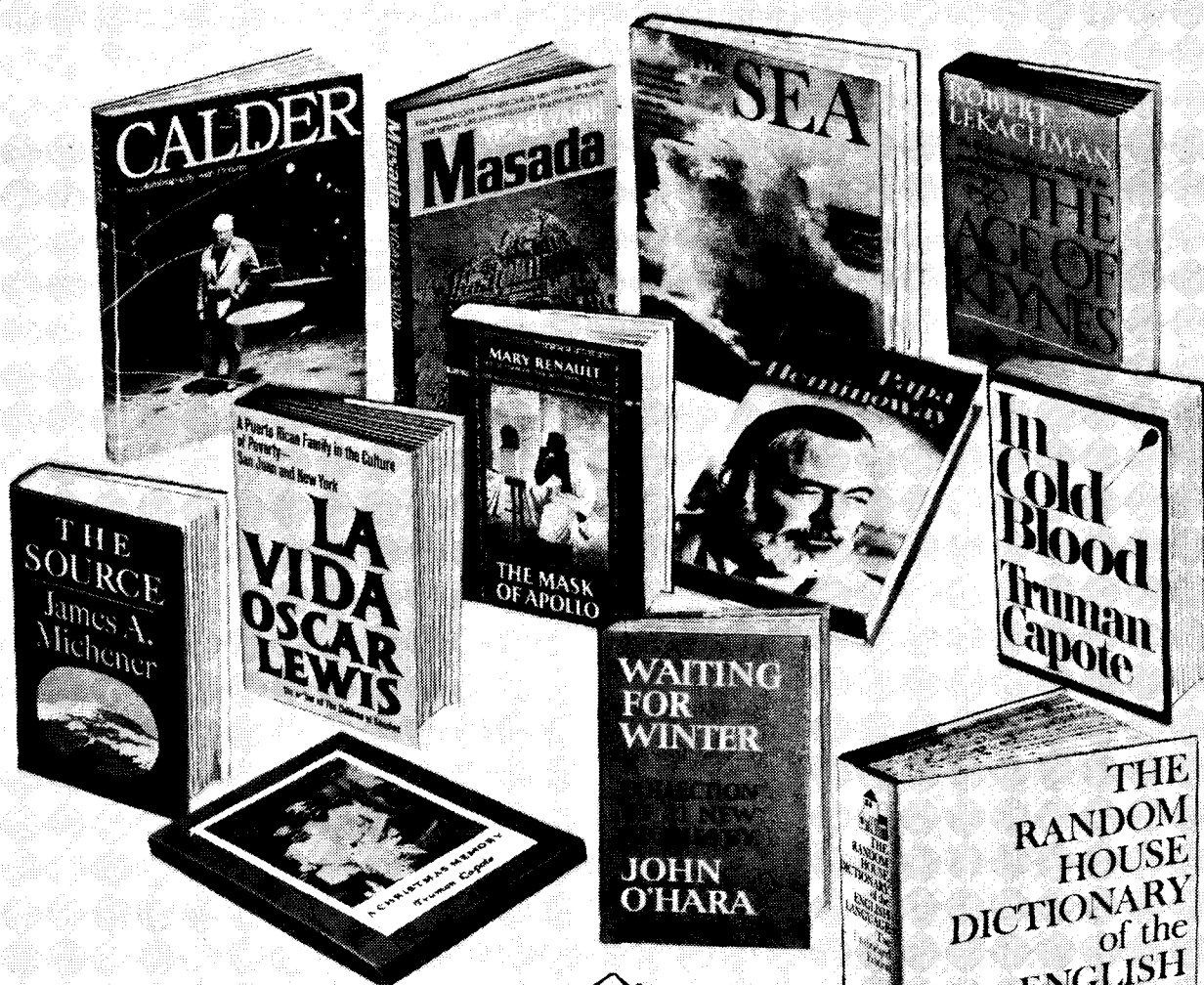
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Bishops and Birth

★ When we came to Washington, Congress was terrified by the Anti-Saloon League. It was led by Bishop Cannon, living in the Methodist building, just across from the Capitol. He controlled one of the most powerful lobbies this city has ever seen. It put over Prohibition and it kept the law on the books down through the regime of the sainted Herbert Hoover, to the profit and delight of the Al Capones.

Now the Roman Catholic cardinals and bishops at their annual meeting here charge that the Johnson administration is putting pressure on the poor to practice birth control. "Government activities," they assert, "increasingly seek aggressively to persuade and even coerce the underprivileged" to limit their families. They offer no proof of this. The anxious government officials deny it. In the absence of evidence to support their charge the hierarchy seems to be trying to bully the government with the warning, "Go slow, we are watching you."

Famine stalks the earth today and is the best weapon of communism, which is the enemy of the Church. In Latin America, for example, there is the world's highest birthrate and the Church is slipping in large rural areas. In the United States billions are spent annually to ameliorate slums and the poor and ignorant would seem to have the right to the same information on planning parenthood which is freely available to the more affluent.

Almost everybody knows there is a split within the Church on this issue, a problem that has reached Rome itself. For reasons of delicacy, politicians don't like to discuss such matters. But

we recall some comments made by Bobby Kennedy recently, not on this but on a related subject. It was up at Escanaba, Michigan, Oct. 29, when he looked down at a political rally inside the local high school to remark, "I'm delighted to see all the nuns here." He went on to say that when he was campaigning with "President Kennedy" (as he always calls his brother) they saw many nuns along the way; nuns, he said, who jumped and applauded. "Then we would see a monsignor or a bishop in the background," he added, grinning, "often with their arms crossed. I think they were secretly praying for the Republicans."

The senator said this in a perfectly cheerful, matter-of-fact voice as he traversed a subject that would have scared a Protestant politician out of his wits. Newspapers put a wall of silence around such talk, too; we saw only one paper that quoted Bobby's comment, which he has made many times over the country.

The incident is not recorded here with any animus; it is noted to support the feeling of one particular observer that the time has passed when the hierarchy, with all its influence, can halt what is happening. In fact it already is giving ground, little by little. In the Middle Ages, you remember, the Church for a matter of centuries forbade usury. Now, today, in warring on birth control (in this reporter's judgment) the Church is conducting a rearguard action against the inevitable.

"Holy George"

★ We watched George Romney interviewed on TV the other day; a fine-looking, square-jawed man who is handsomer than Ronald Reagan. We have always liked Romney and had doubts about him. Some Washington writers have all but given him the GOP presidential nomination already. Well, we shall wait. A dose of wineless, tobacco-less Puritanism in the White House would certainly be a novelty—a Sabbatarian who prays, and fasts, with a hot line to Heaven as well as Moscow, a kind of political Billy Graham. One of the many jobs of a President is to be a Ceremonial High Priest, and Gov. Romney could

perform this function admirably.

Romney is not hypocritical about his piety, and all honor to him. But he moves in an aura of evangelical vagueness. He's against "excessive" concentration of power in employers and unions, he told his TV audience, because it produces "statism." So how would he deal with it, somebody asked? "You deal with it by bringing our laws up to date and reflecting our basic proven principles in this country, because we have proven unique principles. This country is distinct and unique!" He said this with immense fervor.

In his interview, Romney took a stout stand in favor of open housing for Negroes. Fine, we thought. He added immediately that the spiritual approach is far more important and twice observed that each person is "a child of God" which none denied.

Piety is often associated, alas, with inflexibility (*vide* Woodrow Wilson). The art of the politician by contrast—and it is an honorable art—is to find compromise and to achieve the possible. Some politicians find "Holy George" hard to take, they say privately, though they have professional respect for his big Michigan majority.

Aiding the States

★ For the next couple of years, maybe longer, you are going to debate "the Heller plan." This is a formula of economist Walter Heller for turning over more federal income tax collections to the states. The states have simply got to have more money; the federal government has money running out of its ears. (But for Vietnam we'd be discussing a tax cut right now.) Nearly everybody accepts the "Heller plan" so far as aiding the states goes. The issue is, How? Heller would hand a regular percentage over—say \$5 billion a year *with virtually no strings attached*. Republicans chortle. Down with centralization, up the states!

"Don't do it!" cries Rep. Reuss (D, Wis.) in alarm. Can states be trusted to treat Negroes fairly? Will they give the cities a fair shake? Reuss will send a bill to his Banking and Currency Committee: \$25 billion for the states in five years, starting in 1968—*provided they put their house in order first*.

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The Next Two Years

The pressures which finally, and irrevocably, broke up the Johnson coalition (George Romney is not alone in his allergy to the word "consensus") are both within and beyond the administration's control. The war and its consequences – casualties, conscription, inflation, tight money, reduced domestic expenditures, intolerance of dissent – have been the major force shaping the politics of the late sixties. But there are others. The civil rights movement has run into the "permalash" of white anxieties. Big-city Democratic machines can no longer plug in the voters on election days, and Republicans are unleashing some modern leadership. Industrial workers are not content with small wage increases when corporations are making huge profits and when productivity is accelerating.

It was the President's hope that the coalition would promote an updating of the New Deal and see to the stability – and reelection – of the administration and its allies. The leaders had their jobs cut out for them: they would rally the support and energies of their followings (union membership, Negroes, church congregations, business bureaucracies, precinct workers and voting blocs) in exchange for the good things of the Great Society. Mr. Johnson would give them peace, antipoverty grants, labor legislation, "community action," civil rights laws and executive enforcement, federal health, education and welfare assistance, tax cuts, urban improvement programs, opportunities for corporate investments in public projects – and overall, the promise of continuing social change, the permanent populist evolution.

Item by item, the administration has proved not quite willing or able to deliver all those goods, and the constituencies have dropped off. The intellectuals went early, with the escalation of the war. Many sniggered at the "Johnson style" but were ready to stay with the administration when there was still hope of peace. Mr. Johnson tried to assuage them with peace offensives, the Johns Hopkins speech on "unconditional negotiations," and the appointment of Arthur Goldberg to the UN ambassadorship. The critics stayed critical.

The Negro militants began slipping away last summer, when it was seen that the administration could not bring another civil rights bill out of Congress, and federal enforcement of existing laws lagged. The Justice Department never did send voting registrars to southwest Georgia, for one reason or another. About the same time, the more volatile union members decided they had enough of the President's

wage-price guideposts. The airline machinists rejected government compromise settlements, and held out for terms far exceeding the advisory limits. Community-minded religious leaders who had strongly defended the war on poverty began attacking it as the available funds diminished and as antipoverty officials chopped down "participation of the poor" wherever it threatened to be too awkward politically.

In most cases, the coalition leaders were lagging behind their constituents. The machinists' negotiators, for example, went along with government economic policy until the machinists showed they would have none of it. Then the leaders scrambled to catch up with their followers. Poor Negroes were "turned off" the administration long before leaders like Martin Luther King saw what was happening. The leaders were caught dead in the middle: the administration could no longer meet their demands, and so it cut them off from its councils. Historians may identify one milestone in the isolation of Dr. King at the White House civil rights conference last June. The President rejected him; King sulked in his hotel room.

In the most general terms, it is the social activists and the young who have flown away first, and farthest. To a degree, Mr. Johnson still has the old-line Democratic organizations, many of the big corporations (especially Defense-dependents), and the middle-class Negro groups with him. But there are defections there, too. Businessmen saw the Great Society as a golden opportunity to contract-in with federal spending for domestic programs (as some had done for years for defense work). Now they may expect that modern Republicans of the Romney or Percy persuasion will give them that cake and let them eat it in greater peace, without the worries of tight money, "nonessential" (welfare) spending, and federal controls. The big-city machines still feed upon, and feed, the administration, but the Democratic National Committee's showing was poor in the elections last month, and the President chose not to help and thus not to be personally identified with defeat. More than that, the great infusions of money that were promised to the cities have not materialized, and the politicians' requests are increasingly strident.

Both the conservative unions and civil rights organizations look upon the administration to help fight the battles with their own insurgents. The White House's Negro ally is Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, and its union ally is George Meany of the AFL-CIO. To return the favor, Wilkins opposes the more disruptive and impatient elements as best he can: his organization is in the process of encouraging Mississippi Negroes to back the national Democratic party.

Meany is supposed to restrain his people from making excessive economic demands (although he is

not always successful, nor happy about that role) and give labor movement support to the war. He seems to like the latter job best. Consequently, his relations with the number-two man in labor, Walter Reuther, are strained. Reuther used to have instant access to the White House. Meany has now, while Reuther spends his time end running. He is activating Industrial Union Councils (*i.e.* little CIO's) all over the country. His friends in the AFL-CIO just got a grant from the Stern Family Fund to study "community unions" for the slums — *à la* the radical organizing projects of SNCC and SDS. Reuther has invited Cesar Chavez, the organizer of the grape workers' strike in California, to join him on a trip to Latin America; he may set up his own operation to counter Meany's men there. And there are reports that Reuther's executive board at the United Auto Workers has decided to encourage opposition to the administration's Vietnam policy.

It remains to be seen what consequences the fragmentation of the 1964 coalition will have. The polls show that confidence in LBJ is receding and there is nothing on the horizon which suggests that the drift will be arrested or reversed. The Great Society majority, small in the 89th Congress, disappears altogether in the 90th. The Democratic Party now cannot even count on its most active wing. Without enthusiastic support for the Great Society, on a day-to-day basis, the tempo of the administration will run down. The next two years may be the pause that depresses. Come election day, the hard political work will not have been done, and elections are won or lost during the months or years before the X is marked or the lever pulled.

What is likely is that the anti-administration fragments, for all their diverse reasons, will increasingly be independent critics, while maintaining a vestigial loyalty to the Democratic Party. One could sketch a fair recent parallel with the years of the 80th Congress. From 1946 to 1948, there was strong opposition to President Truman within his own party as well as from Republicans. The strongest critics fished around for alternatives to Truman's candidacy in 1948. They finally fell in line; Truman won the nomination and the election. Had he been ditched, a bitterly divided Democratic Party would surely have had to relinquish the presidency to the Republicans that year. It is tempting to pursue the parallels (will there be analogues to Strom Thurmond and Henry Wallace in 1968?). But tempting too to ponder the difference. Harry Truman in '48 did not have to take responsibility for a land war in Asia; Korea came later. And when the voters next had the chance to choose — in '52 — they picked not the Democrat — fine though he was — but a general they thought might bring peace.

Conservationists and the IRS

Every two years the Internal Revenue Service publishes a fat, blue paperback containing the names of some 75,000 organizations contributions to which are tax deductible. The 429-page list – a kind of Benefactor's Guide to Selective Charity – makes profitable if not absorbing reading for the man who wants a return on his beneficence. Included on the list are religious, scientific, charitable, educational and other groups which IRS has specifically found to qualify for tax exemption under the Internal Revenue Code. The list is not all-inclusive, nor is it meant to sanction the activities of the groups listed. Nevertheless, it has the effect of channeling donations. Now and then an organization disqualifies itself, gets its name on the list of groups dropped from the list, and loses its symbiotic relationship with its contributors.

One way to lose favor with the Internal Revenue Service is for an organization to spend a "substantial part" of its activities trying to influence legislation with its tax subsidy. But "substantial" is a vague word never administratively or judicially defined, and it is sometimes hard to know where a legitimate educational activity leaves off and lobbying begins.

On June 10, 24 hours after full-page ads sponsored by the conservationist Sierra Club appeared in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* urging defeat of a bill to create two dams at either end of the Grand Canyon, IRS publicly announced that it would no longer give advance assurance of the deductibility of contributions to the Sierra Club. It did not say that the club had violated the "no substantial part" provision of tax law, but only that it was looking into the matter and that contributions made after June 10 just might not be deductible. This was the first time in anybody's memory that IRS had made such an announcement in advance of an investigation and ruling. (Rep. Morris Udall of Arizona, a principal backer of the scheme to finance the diversion of Colorado River water to Phoenix and Tucson with revenue from the two dams, barely missed having to take the blame for the unprecedented IRS action. His letter to IRS Commissioner Sheldon Cohen wondering if the Sierra Club's ads were not in violation of tax law was written after IRS had already decided to go after the Sierra Club.) The club had long been opposed to the "desecration" of the Grand Canyon. It had published other appeals ("Dams in Grand Canyon – A Necessary Evil?" August 1965) and testified before congressional committees on the dam bills. But when it took a full-page ad in the *Times* ("Now Only You Can Save Grand Canyon from Being Flooded . . . For Profit."), that was the last straw.

The IRS warning was contrary to its usual prac-

tice, articulated by Commissioner Cohen, of allowing deduction of contributions "until the date that an announcement is published in the Internal Revenue Bulletin indicating that contributions are no longer deductible" and seemed to deprive the Sierra Club of due process.

Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey wrote to IRS on October 14, asking "in the interest of fairness" that it speed its decision on whether to expunge the Sierra Club from the deductibles list. He said he understood the Sierra Club's contributions had fallen off by perhaps \$5,000 a week because of uncertainty about its tax status. "This situation . . . is akin to inflicting punishment before guilt has been established," Case wrote. Cohen replied October 21 that he understood the uncertainty may be a "deterrent to contributors" and that Revenue agents were still investigating the case and would come up with a conclusion at an early date. Pressed further by Case, Cohen said the "field audit" had been completed and a recommendation would be forthcoming: "I'm satisfied that we are talking in terms of weeks – not months."

Sierra Club president David Brower expects the worst, an adverse decision. Another club official said he was told by a Revenue agent that "if I didn't want to answer questions it didn't matter because they would make me answer them in court later." The Sierra Club is not receiving many large contributions now, but the free IRS publicity has brought in 6,000 new members. That will prove to be a paltry gain if its price is the harassment of the conservationists by tax officials.

To Moscow and Back

After nearly 10 years of on-again, off-again negotiations with the Soviet Union, an agreement has finally been reached on the start of commercial air services between New York and Moscow. Pan American will fly the route for the US; Aeroflot for the USSR. Services will be divided equally, with each carrier offering two weekly round trips in the summer and one in the winter. Pan Am says it will use its late-model, long-range Boeing 707-321 jets; Aeroflot has not yet committed itself to the equipment it plans to use. The logical aircraft is the Tu-114, a very long-range turbo-prop that has been in service for several years and has proven reliability. The only real problem with the Soviet aircraft is its noise, mostly caused by the double, counter-rotating propellers on each of the four engines. Both the NY Port Authority and the Federal Aviation Agency are concerned about the sound level of these engines and whether they can be altered to make them acceptable within the limits now set for aircraft noise at Kennedy International airport.

Soviet officials are also talking in terms of a new jet transport they hope to have available in 1967. The new jet is not only quieter, but also would be more attractive to riders than the slower turboprop.

Passenger comfort is perhaps the least of the problems faced by the two carriers. Fewer than 20,000 US citizens picked Russia as their overseas vacation spot last year (223,000 to West Germany). While an unknown number of Soviet citizens might have wanted to vacation here, tight controls over the use of Soviet dollar balances made it impossible for all but a handful of Russian holiday travelers to visit this country. Some Russians are allowed to vacation in the West. Drachmas for a cruise of the Greek Islands, lira for tours of the Roman antiquities, even francs for visits to the French *cote d'azur* are made available from time to time by Soviet travel control authorities for a few favored Russian officials and their wives. While the well-fed and neatly dressed Soviet couple traveling on holiday to popular Western European vacation spots is by no means an unusual sight, seldom, if ever, are there accompanying children. Nor do the Russians often travel in groups, a practice that is common with vacationers of almost every other nationality. Defection to the West is still a problem to Soviet authorities and keeping part of a family home while only one or

two members are abroad serves as a deterrent to decampment. Thus the possibility seems remote that the US balance of payments position will be improved, even in a small way, by any increase in Soviet tourist spending in the US. The opposite is more probable, as Americans find it easier to make direct flights to and from the Soviet Union and experience the novelty of travel behind what used to be called the Iron Curtain.

Excitement there may continue to be. Only last month an Aeroflot plane, bound for Paris from Moscow, made an unscheduled stop at Prague. Passengers were disembarked temporarily; when they reboarded, a naturalized US citizen, a travel agent from Cambridge, Mass., who had been invited to Russia to confer with Intourist officials on ways to encourage more travel to the USSR, had disappeared. During the brief stop he had been seized by the Czechoslovakian security police and charged with spying. The US has made strong protests but so far has not even been allowed to talk to the Czech-born American, who has been living in this country since 1957. Washington has also questioned the "extraordinary circumstances" of a Soviet commercial airliner being diverted far off course for what was termed an "emergency landing" at Prague.

National flag airlines can be useful for many espionage purposes, from simple photographic surveillance to the quick extraction and delivery of spies, both friendly and hostile. This is seldom the main reason for international commercial air services, however. When asked a few years back why the USSR was actively seeking a Moscow-New York route for air travel, a high Soviet official said "to make profits!" Considering that the traffic will be mostly US tourists, plus government officials of both countries, with many of both groups favoring the \$1,109.50 round-trip first-class seats to the \$815 peak season NY-Moscow economy class accommodations (off season, the fare drops to \$730 for an economy class seat), Aeroflot's chances to show a profit in scarce dollars seem excellent. Pan Am may have more trouble showing a profit on their new Moscow route, particularly since all outbound traffic from the Soviet Union will be booked, and controlled, by Intourist. As for what Pan Am will do with any profits it may show in the way of rubles, this remains to be worked in a separate commercial agreement to be signed early next January. If the new agreements, as President Johnson has said, "facilitate tourism in both directions," then some reduction in international tensions may even result from the opening of a direct Moscow-New York commercial air link. In this event the new commercial treaty can be welcomed by all, even those who have no intention of ever flying to Russia for a holiday.

ROBERT BURKHARDT



"Comfy, Comrade?"

Survival of the Gerrymander

In *Wesberry v Sanders* (1964) the Supreme Court outlawed one gerrymandering device – districts conceded to the opposition could no longer be made far more populous than the rest. But since only four states redistricted under the *Wesberry* rule in time for the 1964 congressional elections, the contests this November provided the first chance to test its effects. They proved that the partisan gerrymander has survived.

The one-man, one-vote principle of *Wesberry* left a number of questions open. Inequality among a state's districts meant "vote-diluting discrimination," in the words of the opinion, and went against "our Constitution's plain objective of making equal representation for equal numbers of the people the fundamental goal for the House of Representatives." But equality of population might be sought "as nearly as is practicable" rather than "with mathematical precision," suggested Justice Black for the Court, and the courts and state legislatures are struggling to agree on practicable standards nearly three years after. Twenty-eight states have been redistricted since the decision, four of them by court action alone when legislatures defaulted.

What is striking is that the gerrymander is working better than ever in the newly redistricted states, subtly enough not to be obvious on the electoral maps at all. Contrary to expectations, the average pay-off for gerrymandering parties is slightly higher this year than in the last two decades as a whole, for bare and safe popular majorities alike.

Even in states where party competition is keen, a party can win as much as 80 percent of a congressional delegation with 55 percent of the vote (in Missouri), or a creditable 63 percent with 51 percent of the vote (in Michigan). Michigan Republicans redistricted successfully (from their point of view) in 1964, shortly before losing control of the state legislature. Theirs is an illustration of a well-constructed gerrymander that will pay dividends for years. According to popular vote, it was a Republican year by a hair in Kentucky and New Jersey, but Democratic districting, although supported unanimously by Republicans in the state legislature in Kentucky, held the GOP rewards down to 43 and 40 percent of the state's representation, respectively. New Jersey is now under court order to come up with another plan before the 1968 elections. Where federal courts themselves redistricted, using maps developed by legislators, the outcome this November was mixed.

The new rules about district population will not keep political parties from taking advantage of the freedom the Court has left them. Under court pressure to confine population variations to eight or 10 or 15 percent from the state average, the typical legislature

seems to have made uncommonly careful use of the remaining play in the system by building more people and less voting power per capita into districts likely to be won by the other party. Any guess that *Wesberry* would hurt the gerrymander is upset, in short, by two narrow findings: that manipulation of the size of districts has not generally been profitable in the past but that it has become more profitable since 1964 – and a broad one – if the proof is results, the congressional gerrymander is as strong as ever. The effects of *Wesberry* will have to be sought elsewhere.

ROBERT J. SICKELS

Cop Watching

A long line of judicial decisions has been directed at telling the cops they have been doing something wrong. In *Mapp v Ohio*, for example, the Supreme Court announced that it had been waiting for more than a decade for the police to clean up their search-and-seizure practices. Now the Court would seek to control this kind of activity through forcing courts to refuse to accept the fruits of improperly made searches. The most recent judicial chastisement was the *Miranda* decision of last June, where the Supreme Court told the police they have to adopt an entirely new approach in questioning suspects.

But who is telling the police what is right? Legislatures are notoriously at fault in not producing Codes of Law Enforcement to guide the police as to what should and should not be done. This inactivity by lawmakers places a burden on the judicial process that it is poorly equipped to carry. The Chief Justice had to write an essay on interrogation practices in *Miranda* that sounds more like the report of a legislative committee than the rationale of the decision reached by the Court. Wise parents do not tell their children to find their own solutions, and then scold and punish when the child chooses a path the parent doesn't like. It is no wonder the police hit the ceiling when faced with an additional branch of government (the review board) in the business of *ex post facto* discipline.

Legislatures need to listen to what the police say they need in order to fulfill the role society gives them. In many respects the law governing police practices is plain silly, like having their right to arrest turn on elusive distinctions between felony and misdemeanor. The "rights" of the police need not, should not, be in conflict with the full and free exercise of every citizen's civil liberties; there is no reason why the two cannot be accommodated. But first the community acting through its elected representatives must decide and state precisely what it wants the police to do, not simply admonishing them for disobeying indistinct or non-existent commands.

Medical Experiments on Humans

by Michael Alderman, M.D.

Premature infants always had been placed in an atmosphere rich in oxygen. But after World War II a series of reports from medical centers appearing in widely distributed medical journals called attention to an apparent association between high oxygen exposure and the subsequent development of irreversible blindness in premature infants. The evidence was statistical, but sufficient to cause those who made the observation to suggest that this kind of treatment be avoided. Aware of the association, other investigators decided to do a carefully controlled experiment to determine whether there was, in fact, a causal relation between high oxygen administration and blindness in the premature. The results were unequivocal. Six of the group of infants receiving high oxygen were blinded and none of those given lower oxygen suffered eye damage. Because of that experiment, no future infant need be subjected to the hazards of overexposure to oxygen.

Investigators of the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Research Center inoculated malignant cells into 22 patients at another highly regarded New York medical center. The recipients had been "merely told they would be receiving 'some cells' . . . the word cancer was entirely omitted. . . ." Because the risk was felt to be slight, and the subjects were all critically ill patients, the investigators felt that it was proper not to alarm them. The experiment yielded important information about the role of immunity in the defense against cancer. None of the patients seem to have suffered from the procedure.

Human red blood cells are constantly being destroyed. The products of this normal degradation process are eliminated from the body by the liver. The newborn child faces two special problems in this regard. Its liver is immature and incapable of handling all the bilirubin (red cell breakdown products) produced, and thus blood levels rise. Also, unlike in the adult situation, there is no barrier to the entry of bilirubin to the brain where it may cause permanent damage. All infants are subject to this danger, but in only a few does the level of breakdown product actually reach dangerous levels. In an effort to explain why some infants are harmed, investigators conducted

a series of brilliant experiments which discovered a chemical in the breast milk of some mothers that could interfere with the biochemical reactions by which bilirubin is eliminated from the liver. To determine whether this chemical actually played a role in the infant rather than just in the test tube, it was administered to healthy infants. Marked elevation in body levels of the waste product was noted. No evidence of brain damage was observed. But subtle brain damage such as minimal intellectual impairment, may be found only much later – or not at all.

The biggest hurdle to be overcome in solving the problems of organ transplantation is the control of the host's natural immune defense mechanisms. The thymus gland, in the child, plays a significant although poorly understood role in determining future immune reactions. It was decided to study the effects of removing the thymus gland on host response to tissue transplants. Children undergoing surgery where removal of the thymus could be accomplished without added surgical risk were selected, at random, for such a procedure and skin was then transplanted to these patients. The survival of this transplanted skin was prolonged. Yet the thymus plays a role in all immunity – not just that affecting transplanted organs. The body's defense against infection may also be affected. Thus interference with a general biological phenomenon was undertaken to evaluate a specific situation. Organ transplant is applicable to only a relatively few people, and it is highly unlikely that any of the subjects of this experiment would ever need a transplant.

Yet human experimentation is essential to medical progress. Without it there could have been no open heart operation, no artificial kidney, no polio vaccine, and no antibiotics. All of these had to receive the ultimate trial – use in the human being – though no amount of will or wisdom can ever remove the risk from such research.

About \$1.5 billion, largely government funds, is spent on medical research each year. Prestige and advancement in medicine has come to depend on research accomplishment. An increasing percentage of the bright young physicians are being drawn into investigative careers. This availability of funds and the growing number of investigators along with the expanding body of scientific knowledge are conspiring to ensure that clinical investigation will grow. Not

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only does that research carry with it unavoidable inherent risk but, as Prof. Henry K. Beecher of Harvard recently pointed out in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, it is plagued today with substantial ethical problems. The problem does not lie with bad investigators doing worthless or evil research, but with able and conscientious investigators involved in hazardous business where the stakes can be very high.

Human experimentation occurs in two general forms. One involves the trial of new therapy, where in addition to the search for new knowledge, there is the hope of benefiting the particular patient-subject. In a sense, this research is an extension, albeit bolder and more chancy, of conventional medical practice, for it is virtually impossible for the physician to predict the outcome of any therapeutic situation with certainty. The variables of patient-therapy interaction are far too numerous. Just because therapeutic research does hold out the possibility of subject benefit it fits into the traditional medical and moral framework. The overriding question remains: "Will the patient benefit?" With that foremost in mind, the patient and physician must assume the risks.

The second form of human experimentation is vastly different philosophically. Its sole aim is the advancement of biomedical knowledge. Subjects are selected exclusively to provide an opportunity to understand more fully health or disease. This human experimentation also carries risk, at least as great as therapeutic research. Yet it is wholly alien to the physician's traditional ethic – *primum non nocere* – in that there is no hope of benefiting the patient. It is in this situation, unique in that here the physician-scientist brings only possible harm to the individual, that the greatest ethical and practical problems of human research arise. There are no firm precedents to guide his judgment. Two masters, scientific advance and patient welfare, must be served – and they may be in conflict.

New Guidelines

In February this year the Surgeon General issued new guidelines for human research done under Public Health Service sponsorship, and since the vast majority of medical research is funded by this agency, its rules affect virtually all clinical research.

These guidelines are based primarily on propositions first codified by the Nuremberg tribunal in conjunction with the war crimes trial of the Nazi doctors. They contain three fundamental principles: that voluntary and informed consent be obtained from the subject; that the potential benefit be weighed against the possible danger; that the project be reviewed by the institution in which it is carried out.

On the face of it, these rules may seem reasonable

and adequate. In fact, they are too poorly defined to insure an environment of sufficient safety in which to pursue clinical research.

Voluntary and informed consent may represent a praiseworthy goal. But what does "informed" mean when even the most sophisticated subject can hardly be expected to appreciate all risks, particularly when some of them are unknown? Can prisoners, students or soldiers, all popular research subjects, ever be entirely free of pressure to consent? Are parents and guardians really competent to volunteer their wards for experiments which promise no good for the subject, but may wreak havoc? What about situations in which, because prior knowledge of the treatment would distort the results, complete disclosure is impossible?

The second obligation – that good be weighed against evil, a worthy goal – presumes a medical Solomon. By what absolute standards can benefit and risk be measured? Danger for whom, versus good for whom? Is harm, even for one man, ever compensated for by benefit to many men? No amount of individual honesty or dedication can insure a "correct" answer.

Because the first two points deal with such indefinables, the Surgeon General's requirement of institutional review for all human investigation is the keystone of the entire directive. The whole structure stands or falls on the review procedure. There is no precise definition of review committee responsibility. There are no standards for membership. In practice, the review board is composed of fellow physicians working in the medical center sponsoring the research. As such, they have a professional identification with the investigator, owe a common loyalty to their joint institution, and share, at least indirectly, in the glory (and money) that research brings. Physicians may understand the biology of research better than laymen, but there is no reason to believe that their judgment of broader social and ethical issues is inherently superior.

In spite of the shortcomings of the Surgeon General's new rules, they are of enormous significance because they reflect an assumption by society of primary responsibility in this very ticklish area of human experimentation. They have moved the discussion a large step beyond the question of whether the public has a legitimate role in the control of clinical investigation, to the more appropriate one of what the nature of that control should be.

The PHS guidelines can be improved. Informed consent is at present usually left to the investigator and subject, or guardian. The investigator, at least for the duration of the experiment, frequently serves as the patient's physician. No single individual should be required to play the role of both scientist and doctor. It would be wise to interpose between subject and

scientist, another physician to serve as counselor before the experiment is begun, one who is exclusively concerned with the patient's welfare throughout the experiment. This second physician, or patient's attorney, should have equal stature to the investigator; an intern could not play this role for his professor's patients. Only through such separation of responsibility will it be possible to manage the moral dilemma that may arise when the demands of science collide with those of patient welfare.

Members of the review board must not be identified with the sponsoring institution. They should represent the public as well as the profession and therefore should be appointed by an appropriate public body or bodies. They should be drawn from all walks of

life, not just from medical; the issues they must grapple with go far beyond the confines of medical science. Bringing laymen into the councils of medicine may alarm some doctors, but laymen have just as great a stake in medical progress as do physicians, and their fresh perspective might be helpful. The committee should be directed to pass on the propriety and value of the project initially, and also be required to review regularly research in progress. It should have the authority to instruct the PHS to withdraw support from any project, at any time.

I recognize that the ultimate value and safety of clinical investigation rests not on rules, but on the wisdom and integrity of the investigator. But rules can help to make his burden more bearable.

Getting Tough with Poor Nations

by Bernard D. Nossiter

Paris

"Look at them," a European delegate said, pointing disdainfully to the Asian, African and Latin American trade officials crowding into the coffee lounge at Geneva's Palais Des Nations. "As long as they don't have atom bombs, do we really care whether their governments are stable?" His question went unanswered. The rich West and the increasingly well-off East are becoming more cynical about helping the third world.

George Woods, the World Bank president, has been talking bravely about quadrupling the \$250 million that now feeds the Bank's soft-loan agency, the International Development Association. His staff, who have to pass the hat among the rich, say he will be lucky to match the present level. Similarly in Washington, American officials ritually proclaim that the Kennedy Round will open the markets of the rich to the products of the poor on an unprecedented scale. But trade experts long ago recognized that the Round is a deal among the rich from which the poor can and do expect very little.

It should be remembered that the UN has labeled the sixties "The Development Decade." The product of the poor was supposed to grow by five percent each year, and the rich were to transfer annually funds equaling one percent of their output to achieve this end. By straining the data, the West has been claiming

that both targets are being met. The non-communist aid givers are grouped together in something called the Development Assistance Committee or DAC, which includes the United States, Canada, Japan, Australia and 11 Western European nations. DAC has recently and cheerfully reported that growth among the poor has averaged five percent annually between 1960 and 1964. At the same time, DAC says its members have been providing the third world with financial resources—public and private—varying between 1.04 and 0.96 percent of their national incomes.

The UN comes up with a very different set of figures. It estimates that the growth of the poor has been falling behind the target by 20 percent; the flow from the rich in recent years has been put at 30 percent or more below their goal. The UN, unlike DAC, does not include Spain, Greece and Yugoslavia among the poor, for they are fast-growing nations with income levels that put them, in UN eyes, in a different class. The second major difference between UN and DAC statistics turns on what the financial contribution of the rich is measured against. The UN compares it to the gross national product of prospering nations; DAC prefers the smaller, national income definition. National income does not include the amounts that the rich set aside for depreciation. In the UN view, this is an arbitrary exclusion since sums for depreciation depend more on national tax systems than on economic need to replenish capital. In brief, the UN thinks that DAC

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inflates the share of funds going to the poor.

Any attempt to measure the performance of the rich ends up in a statistical swamp. For example, Portugal and France regularly turn up as the relatively most generous aid givers. Lisbon apparently counts the large amount spent to suppress revolt in its African colonies and France includes the impressive sums devoted to keeping her former African holdings on a short rein.

There are some less contested figures that do demonstrate who has been developing in the Development Decade. In the five years between 1960 and 1965, output in the rich West rose a handsome \$300 a head to \$1,700. In the poor South, the gain was \$10 per person for an insignificant total of \$142. At the same time, yearly growth in the West averaged nearly five percent. But in the most populous poor countries like India and Brazil, total output was running markedly lower.

These measurements, moreover, take little account of the reverse flow, the sums that the poor return to the rich in interest, amortization and profits. The real net transfer of resources is astonishingly thin. Government-to-government aid from the West has been running between \$5.25 and \$5.75 billion since 1960. Add in another \$500 million from international agencies like the World Bank and its IDA affiliate. But less and less of this comes in the form of grants and more and more consists of loans. Last year, one aid dollar in five went back to the rich in payment on these loans.

But this is only part of the story. The rich and their exporters have found that the poor will buy all kinds of goods if they can consume now and pay later. Nearly every developed nation has created something like the American Export-Import Bank, an agency encouraging private producers to sell abroad on credit by guaranteeing their loans against default. Just as slum dwellers in New York or Chicago are easy marks for installment salesmen, the third world has become a profitable outlet for the credit-insured wares of the rich. These purchases may fit development plans, and then again they may not. No matter; the day of reckoning is tomorrow. Nobody keeps an accurate count of how much has been foisted on developing countries through these devices. But the DAC estimates that the third world paid back for these "private" credits last year a sum twice as great as the repayment on aid loans. In other words, the two reverse flows combined ate up three-fifths of all aid. Buried in the back of DAC's annual report is the dry observation that "increased attention must now be given to that of export credits. These financial arrangements impinge severely on development assistance and contribute heavily to debt burdens. . . . The problems . . . deserve priority attention."

The rich also invest in poor countries abroad with a good share going to extract oil from the Middle East,

North Africa and Latin America. Last year, total private investment in developing nations was about \$3.5-billion and this too is figured in calculations of the West's contribution. How much came back in profits and repatriated capital is not easy to trace. But private companies would properly face outraged cries from shareholders if they did not obtain a much higher return from risky foreign investments than they expect at home. The experience of the Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) might be taken as a clue. The company sets its prices to earn 20 percent on its investment. It is, therefore, safe to assume that at least one-fifth of the sum invested in developing nations came back in profits.

The Diplomatic-Military Complex

There are many reasons why the rich have fallen so short of the UN's modest goals. The role of the United States, producing more than half the West's yearly output, is decisive. Washington sets the style and Washington's attention is now absorbed elsewhere. It is a commonplace to blame insular congressmen for a lack of concern outside their constituency. But no administration since the days of the Marshall Plan, Republican or Democrat, has failed to gain approval for the broad lines and dimensions of any aid or trade program that it genuinely sought. Thus, it is the bureaucracy's interests on which attention should fix. One key element, the Treasury, is presently hypnotized by the deficits in the balance of payments. From the Treasury's standpoint, one expendable outlay is aid money flowing abroad. But the Treasury is just one voice in a chorus. More consequential are the State Department and Pentagon bureaucracies where the crucial aid and trade plans are laid. Both agencies are single-mindedly pursuing the war in Vietnam. This encourages a more open hand for Southeast Asia but leads to a tighter grip elsewhere. In other regions, the bureaucrats' view of American interests is limited. The diplomatic-military complex does not feel itself under compelling pressure to provide economic support.

Recent events have reinforced this view. The political changes in the developing world have generally gratified the Washington bureaucracy. Military governments have seized power in Argentina, Brazil, Indonesia and Ghana, replacing regimes that for one reason or another were out of favor in Washington. These new governments, in contrast, follow a line that is generally to the American taste. But whether aid was given or withheld seems to have had little to do with this happy outcome. Both Brazil and Argentina were substantial aid recipients; assistance had been all but cut off when Indonesia and Ghana turned right.

It is often said that there is no lobby for aid, but this is not true. The Agency for International Development

which administers the funds has a vested interest in maximizing its money and power. So do the ambassadors to poor nations whose influence and prestige depend in part on the sums they can disburse. These diplomats produce an array of arguments designed to sway the bureaucratic structure. They regularly assert that more generous programs will assure more complaisant UN votes, offer better prospects for gathering intelligence, provide insurance pay for military bases and similar so-called hard-headed claims.

There is an equally strong counterpull in Washington to resist these demands. If aid is to work, it probably must be linked with some change in social structure, the land reform, tax reform and other items written into state papers like the Alliance for Progress. But from the bureaucratic standpoint, the Alliance rhetoric is mischievous, for change upsets the balance of forces within nations. In most parts of the globe, the existing balance is satisfactory to both the State Department and the Pentagon. Indeed, the Defense Department's labors to strengthen its colleagues abroad is reflected in the arms assistance so generously granted to the military in developing countries. Washington's support for the arms race in Latin America was recently in the public eye; now it is the turn of the Middle East once again. Not so long ago, an ambassador with a professional interest in economic development had to use all his formidable eloquence to persuade the Pentagon against pressing arms on India. At that time, at least, New Delhi was reluctant to accept such gifts.

Diminishing Competition

However, the most important consideration in the West's behavior has been the détente with the Soviet Union. There appears to be a tacit understanding between Washington and Moscow to diminish their costly and often fruitless competition for the allegiance of new nations. Developing countries are finding it harder to play the two great powers against each other. That latest UN agency, UNCTAD, was designed by the poor in part to pit East against West. But so far, it has simply been no contest. At UNCTAD meetings, Russian and American delegates carefully avoid inflammatory words. They quietly recognize their mutual interest in resisting the demands and complaints of the third world.

At a more abstract level, there is a genuine agnosticism over the ingredients of development and the role of aid. Lots of outside money poured into Greece, Taiwan and Israel and all are growing rapidly. But Turkey has enjoyed comparable largess and growth rates are tending to decline. The African experience, except for Tunisia, has disillusioned everybody. Aid bureaucrats in the East and West are fond of the same parable: an

African development plan, they say, consists of a national airline, a steel mill and a presidential palace.

Despite UNCTAD's inability to pit East against West, the agency has worked out an ingenious program for new forms of bootleg aid. One scheme would give developing nations preferential tariffs, the right to sell manufactured goods in Western markets at duties lower than those charged to advanced countries. Another would extend the web of international commodity agreements to support the prices of the food and raw materials on which the poor rely for export earnings. Finally, in collaboration with the World Bank, UNCTAD has devised a plan to provide compensating funds for developing nations whose incomes were threatened by an abrupt change in commodity prices.

However, few poor countries manufacture anything exportable and small tariff advantages are not likely to help them sell more of it. At best, such a device might encourage Western firms to set up plants in the third world and export back to their home markets. But here they would run into the determined opposition of domestic producers, complaining of competition from cheap labor. In addition, nations like France that now give preferences exclusively to former colonies don't want the system extended. That would weaken what remains of the imperial grip. It is conceivable that in time some kind of generalized preference will emerge in response to UNCTAD's pressure, but it is likely to be so limited as to count for precious little.

Global commodity price supports raise a different set of problems. They not only pit rich consuming nations against poor producers but divide the producers among themselves. The struggle to write a coffee agreement, with Africans unwilling to tailor their output to accommodate Latin Americans, and Latin Americans reluctant to curb their own growers, offers a discouraging example. The outlook is equally bleak for any new institution to distribute compensating funds. The money would have to come from the rich. But they are looking grimly at existing arrangements and are in no mood to back new ones.

In sum, if development depends on the generosity and imagination of the West, it will be a tedious process. It is hard to convince rich governments today that important interests are much affected by what happens among most of the poor. South Vietnam, of course, is an exception but the funds poured in there to enrich traders and black marketeers haven't much relevance to development. To be sure, the aid machinery has developed a bureaucratic momentum of its own and isn't likely to disappear. Nor is it soon likely to be enlarged. Thus, at the very time when the West has virtually solved its central economic problems – expanding output and jobs for nearly all – its willingness to share this abundance is shrinking.

The Man Alongside Mao

Deputy Lin Piao's Thoughts and Career

by Edgar Snow

In a narrow valley in northern Shensi, just below the Great Wall, amidst the grass-grown ruins of Pao An, I first met Lin Piao. That was 30 years ago and I was a green journalist. Lin Piao, already a veteran of a decade of combat, was 28 years old. Today he has become Mao Tse-tung's right-hand (the Red Guards might prefer it *left-hand*) man, publicly hailed as Mao's first deputy in command of the People's Liberation Army and the Chinese Communist Party and the Red Guards of the "great cultural revolution."

We met before a small stage improvised in a local temple where Mao Tse-tung made a speech for several hundred cadets and a sprinkling of curious hillbilly peasants seated in the open air. Mao was followed by a theatrical turn or two done by the young Red Army's touring players. Afterward, Lu Ting-yi, propaganda chief of the politburo (a job from which he was only recently relieved) led the audience in slogans and singing. ("Down with Japanese imperialism! Down with Sell-Country Chiang Kai-shek!") Suddenly all eyes turned on Lin Piao. "Comrade Lin! Sing us a song!" Confused as a schoolboy, Lin blushed, stammered, and then – a tactician – begged some women comrades to rescue him by singing in his place. Mme. Chou En-lai did so.

Lin was director of a Red Army military academy quartered in stone-lined caves built like fortresses (once the homes of landlords) set high above the Pao An river. Here about 800 cadets, most of them of officer rank, and Long March veterans, received "advanced" military and political (Marxist) training. Chiang Kai-shek had placed a price of \$100,000 on Lin's head. I counted an aggregate of \$2 million in head prizes offered for Lin's more notorious cadets. One day Mao Tse-tung went with me to visit the academy, where Lin Piao asked me to speak to his students, of company commander rank or higher, on "British-American foreign policies."

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It was 1936, the Spanish civil war raged, Japan had seized Manchuria and was preparing to attack all China, the United States and Britain sold Japan war materials, and Mao Tse-tung had called for a cessation of the Chinese civil war and a united front in patriotic resistance to Japan. There were no Russians in Pao An and no signs of any foreign aid; Stalin was hoist by the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis which he had helped to provoke. Mao vaguely hoped for some American understanding.

Lin gave me a tour of the academy caves and explained new conditions of enrollment, open not only to proletarians but to "all who are determined to fight Japanese imperialism" – regardless of class, race, sex or social origins. Applicants must be "physically strong, free from diseases, and free from all bad habits." The austere life of Pao An scarcely nurtured "bad habits," but Lin took no chances. He filled his cadets' off-study hours with physical culture, games, table tennis (a tennis ball was as highly prized as a rifle) and, then as now, tilling vegetable fields.

Outside the Red districts recruits had to be "smuggled" in, a few at a time, through Nationalist lines. So were most of the books used by Lin's academy. The army had only a mimeograph machine. Many of the party's texts were printed on the backs of Kuomintang propaganda leaflets calling upon Red soldiers to kill their leaders for high rewards. These were dropped, together with light bombs, by Chiang Kai-shek's toy planes.

Lin Piao was half a head shorter than Mao, and boyish looking. He had smooth, regular features except for a nose rather prominent for a Chinese. He wore an unpressed cotton uniform unmarked by any symbol of rank – a practice now restored by the 2.5 million man People's Liberation Army under Lin's high command.

Inside his cave headquarters I interviewed Lin for most of a day. Relaxed and deliberate in manners and speech, he became most animated when he spoke of battles and tactics. I did learn that he came from a middle-class family. His father had owned a small handicraft factory, but he was ruined by extortionate taxes collected years in advance by a local warlord, a factor which helped to motivate Lin toward teen-age

revolutionary affiliations. At noon we paused for millet noodles and bits of pork rind eaten out of enamel wash basins. It grew very warm. Mao Tse-tung removed his cotton trousers and sat in his drawers to cool off. In that informal setting Lin Piao said: "I was born in Huan-an county, Hupeh province [central China]. After my father went bankrupt the family was very poor. I did not go to any regular school until I was nine. After difficult times my father got a job as a purser on a Yangtze River ship, plying between Hankow and Shanghai. When I was able to attend school I completed my primary courses in five years. At 13 I entered a junior middle school where I took part in revolutionary activities. I graduated in two years and in Shanghai joined both the Kuomintang [Nationalists] and the Young Socialist League [which soon merged with the newly-formed Communist Party]. At 17 I left Shanghai, helped by the party, to enroll as a student cadet in the [Soviet-supported] Whampon Academy at Canton. In 1925 Chiang Kai-shek put an end to dual party membership and I was obliged to choose. I stayed with the communists.

"By 1926 [he was 18] I was a company commander in Chang Fa-kuei's army which took part in the Northern Expedition [Nationalist revolution, jointly supported by the Kuomintang, the communists and the Russians – with Chiang Kai-shek put in supreme command by Soviet advisers!] During that war I became a regimental commander. After victory in South China, Chiang Kai-shek led the counterrevolution, in 1927, and began killing communists. In August of that year I took part in the Nanchang uprising [today celebrated as the birth of the People's Liberation Army]. After the uprising was crushed I retreated, with our remnant troops, together with Chu Teh, Ho Lung and Yeh Chienying. Eventually we reached the hinterland of southern Kiangsi and Hunan, where I joined forces with Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, who had established a base in the mountains of Chiang-kang-shan. In December 1927, we formed the Workers and Peasants Red Army and for the first time adopted the Red flag."

"Establish Latrines"

Of his account of himself from 1927 on, however, my notes show only details of countless bewildering campaigns, battles, and skirmishes. Mao himself listened carefully to Lin's detailed recollections. To Lin Piao, Mao then gave credit for adding two practical rules to the "eight basic disciplines of Red warriors," which were: "Pay for all articles purchased from the peasants; establish latrines well beyond people's houses." These rules were sung! – in a lively march, recently revived.

It was less than two years since Mao had established

his party leadership. Now Lin and others did refer to him as *Chu-hsi*, "the Chairman" and their political spokesman, but the charisma of "the thought of Mao Tse-tung" had as yet touched no one in those caves. The Russians were then still their doctrinal mentors – led by the texts of Lenin and Stalin.

When I met Lin Piao he was already widely conceded by many senior officers to be the army's ablest tactical commander. His articles on guerrilla warfare were standard texts which were also carefully studied by his Nationalist enemies. Although he had made no record as a polemicist or political theorist, Lin was already high in party councils: In 1931 he had sat with Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh on the small "central bureau" of the party, charged with carrying out party directives in the Kiangsi Republic during a period when the politburo chiefs attempted to "run" the revolution from underground posts in Shanghai. Now 58, Lin has been a member of the party central committee for about a quarter of a century.

Self-effacing, spartan, modest, rarely even photographed, given to prolonged absences from the public view, and seemingly devoid of a life apart from dedication to his duty, Lin had never seemed ambitious to succeed Mao Tse-tung. Until 1965, he was relatively unknown in the West. In that year Lin chose (or was chosen) to advance a Chinese Communist thesis concerning revolutions in the underdeveloped countries. Entitled "Long Live the Victory of the People's War," Lin's article likened the "emerging forces" of the poor in Asia, Africa and Latin America to the "rural areas of the world." The rich countries of the West were the "cities of the world." Eventually the "cities" would be encircled by revolutions in the "rural areas," following the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. Some Western editors, much upset by Lin's vision, erroneously called it "Mao's *Mein Kampf*." Lin made no promises to the poor countries that China would fight wars for them. He advised them to be "self-reliant." Read carefully in today's context, Lin's article is a restatement of Mao's basic strategy in meeting a threatened attack on China itself, rather than any doctrine China intends to impose by force on the Third World.

Until recently Lin has been, for the average Chinese, hardly more than a synonym for military greatness. It is appropriate to review his successes on the battlefield, before examining the "New Lin" – who is now the deputy *Chu-hsi*, or first vice chairman of the party. During the 1928-1934 period, when communists were learning the art of guerrilla warfare by trial and error in South China, Lin Piao emerged as the most talented young officer under Chu Teh, the older warrior who became the Reds' commander-in-chief. Chu Teh is now 80 and semi-retired. Perhaps Lin is an heir more to Chu Teh's role than to Mao's.

By 1932, Chu Teh had entrusted Lin with the field command of the First Red Army Corps, which repeatedly outwitted Chiang Kai-shek during his early "Red-annihilation campaigns." Lin became noted as the innovator of the "short attack." As he himself described it to me, the "short attack" is: encouragement of overconfidence and overextension of an adversary, deceptive retreat, dispersal, letting the enemy "pass through" without serious resistance; then, backtracking, swift massing of attacking elements in surprise concentrations heavily outnumbering the enemy at a chosen weak point; limited destruction, followed by sharp disengagement and dispersal before reinforcements can arrive. Repeatedly used, the operation can literally dismember an enemy handicapped by unfamiliarity with the topography, isolation from the people, and excessive rigidity of command. It requires thorough familiarity with the terrain, excellent local intelligence, secrecy of movement shielded by a friendly populace, and a high degree of resolve, coordination and revolutionary morale.

Fighting Japan

Lin Piao's First Red Army Corps served as a breakthrough force during the great retreat from South China (1935). The Communists turned their defeat into a spiritual triumph – the epochal 6,000-mile Long March. By 1937 they had "remarried" the Nationalists in a wartime united front against Japan. Placed in command of Eighth Route Army divisions during the Japanese invasion of Shansi, Lin Piao first proved that Chinese troops, properly led, could defeat a modern army. There Lin also first demonstrated that prolonged practice in the short attack is an excellent school for the training of officers in handling large armies in mobile and maneuvering warfare. The next year he was seriously wounded, ending a myth of his invulnerability. Between 1938 and 1941 Lin was convalescing in Russia. Then, back in Chung-king, he was attached to Chou En-lai's "communist mission" in the wartime capital. Recalled to Yen-an, he once more headed the Military Academy – renamed "Anti-Japanese University." In Yen-an, Lin found time to marry and to father two children.

With the defeat of Japan, and the renewal of civil war, Lin Piao became commander of the Liberation Army of Manchuria. In 1947, Mao Tse-tung sent Lin his now famous "general concepts" of the campaign to destroy the Nationalists. Adhering to their basic principle – striking at the human forces and ignoring urban defense concentrations – Lin Piao took over the countryside. He isolated Chiang's city-based armies and pinched off their flanking units one by one. Within a few months the Nationalists were devoured, as Mao

put it, "mouthful by mouthful" – or general by general; Lin eliminated 36 of Chiang's best division commanders. He then moved into North China to repeat the meal. Peking fell without a struggle. The end of the war found Lin on the island of Hainan, China's southernmost territory. One of his close comrades of that time was T'ao Chu, in the political department of the army, and today another "younger blood" in the politburo. Other newly elevated politburo members and veteran military collaborators of Lin Piao are Hsu Hsiang-ch'ien and Yeh Chien-ying.

In 1949 Lin took a rest, but in 1950 he was back in Manchuria, heading Chinese forces mobilized to intervene in Korea. Taking General MacArthur by surprise, Lin's "human sea" swept the Americans back from the Yalu River frontier, and to near catastrophe. Then, presumably because of illness, Lin Piao left Korea and the high command was assumed by his older and superior officer, Marshal P'eng Teh-huai. Throughout that war P'eng worked closely with the Soviet military advisers who remained in the background but provided logistics and supplies (at a price, Peking authorities later declared, of \$2 billion). During part of the same period Lin Piao reportedly suffered from tuberculosis and convalesced in Russia. Whatever his experience there, when he reappeared in the politburo, in 1955, he was not a pro-Soviet enthusiast.

By 1959, following Khrushchev's rise to power and his moves toward a détente with the West, sharp Sino-Soviet differences arose. In 1957 Khrushchev had promised China a nuclear partnership, symbolized by a "gift bomb." But in 1958 it became clear that Khrushchev would not defend China's claim to Taiwan if pressed to the point of war with the United States. Khrushchev had expected Chinese subordination in exchange for the Soviet nuclear shield. Mao Tse-tung would not pay that price.

The question became: if China's adamancy led to a Sino-Soviet rupture, could China complete the modernization of her army and economy *alone*? Defense Minister P'eng Teh-huai seems to have argued that China was not yet strong enough for total "self-reliance"; modernization must be attained with Soviet aid. P'eng opposed plans which threatened military efficiency. He reportedly fought use of the army in the "great leap forward," formation of the rural communes, and other "extremes" of self-reliance. Accused of warlordism, "slavish mentality" (reliance on Russia), and putting army above party, P'eng was defeated in 1959 at the stormy Lushan conference of party and defense chiefs. Soon afterward Khrushchev reneged on his offer of a "sample atom bomb." P'eng was replaced by Lin Piao. In the following year all Soviet military and economic advisers were withdrawn and China was on its own.

Lin Piao had the task of maximizing the reintegra-

tion of party with the army. His regime at the outset coincided with a national economic crisis partly provoked by the Sino-Soviet break. It was the army's worst period of demoralization. Gradually Lin "reformed" and "redemocratized" the army until, today, it contains no less than one million party members. An allegedly growing officer-caste mentality was fought and special privileges were curtailed. Together with the withdrawal of Soviet advisers, foreign influences in style and training were abolished. Soldiers and officers went back to work on public projects, the equalitarian "Yenan-style" of soldier-peasant-worker-student combination was idealized and insignia of rank was abolished. Above all, study of the works of Mao Tse-tung superseded other teachings for the rank and file.

Finally, in 1966, Peking was engulfed by a flood of youths, wearing red armbands, mobilized to complete the extirpation of "old and foreign" influences – and to purify people's manners, morals, thoughts and deeds. These were the Red Guards of the "great cultural revolution." Lin Piao was to shape them into paramilitary auxiliaries of the army. A new idea? Not exactly. Red Guards, too, were part of the guerrilla tradition. In civil war days every Red village had its detachment of Red Guard partisans, led by party chiefs and party commissars. But why today? Was the regime going back to guerrilla warfare – against itself?

A rally of one million flag-waving youths, gathered at Heavenly Peace Square on August 18, greeted "Chairman Mao Tse-tung, the great leader, commander and helmsman of the Chinese people." This was a few days after the 11th plenary session of the Party Central Committee, presided over by Mao himself. Standing next to Mao at the rally, and officially described as Mao's "closest comrade in arms," Lin Piao made the principal speech, exhorting all to master the thought of "the greatest genius of the present era." Chou En-lai followed Lin. Anyone who had doubts about who was now the helmsman's first mate should reread Premier Chou's remarks.

What Does It Mean?

"We must respond to the call of Comrade Lin Piao," he said, "to unfold to a greater extent the mass movement to study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a living way throughout the entire party, the entire army and the entire country." Officials must stop "acting as high and mighty bureaucrats," while the Red Guards were to struggle "against persons in authority who are taking the capitalist road," or following bourgeois ideology in "education, literature and art." In all this, one must respond to the call of Comrade Lin Piao . . . party, army and country alike. (Italics added.)

"Be daring!" "Be bold!" the Red Guards were ex-

horted by Lin Piao. Were nonparty millions needed for such daring deeds as changing street names, monitoring people's dress and haircuts, demonstrating before the Soviet embassy, closing down a school for diplomats' children or attacking – a foreign cemetery! Such activities veiled a subtler purpose, but who was leading? Where were the 17 million party members? The 25 million young communists? The 20 million People's Militiamen? The millions of trade union members, the Democratic Women's Federation – all long since "armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung?" The Chinese press exposed its doubts about them with astonishing candor. Party committee after party committee was in upheaval, as "black line" leaders were removed as "poisonous weeds" and crypto-Khrushchevites. Was only the army leadership healthy – after seven years of weeding by Lin Piao?

What does it all mean? Last year, Mao Tse-tung told me during an interview (NR, February 27, 1965) that he was prepared to believe Dean Rusk's assurances that the United States did not intend to attack North Vietnam. He said, for the first time any Chinese official had made the statement, that Chinese forces would not intervene in the Vietnam war. He said that China would not go to war against the United States unless she was directly attacked. In February, the United States bombed North Vietnam and began the current large-scale operations. Mao Tse-tung's expressed expectations proved illusory.

Seen from continental China, a great war provoked by the United States now seems more likely than not. That threat is probably the most immediate cause of a crisis in leadership which propelled Lin Piao into a unique role – the exact nature of which is perhaps not clear even to most Chinese. If that is so, drastic changes in leadership personnel mean much more than a mere struggle for power to succeed a waning Mao Tse-tung – who is yet a Mao able to swim the Yangtze and publicly hail the Red Guards, albeit in puzzling silence. Is the purge an answer to army-party right-wing "revisionists" who – appalled by the prospect of a great conflict faced in isolation, without a major ally – sought some remedy for the Sino-Soviet schism? Or a suppression of an army-party coalition on the left, which called for "meeting the enemy at the gate" by immediate armed mobilization and direct action in support of North Vietnam?

If we read Lin correctly, he and Mao are engaged in a one-front domestic political-ideological war for unity of command during a severe test of the stability of the Republic – provoked by external threat. They hope to survive it during a no-war no-peace period without an internal regression to the warring states of the twenties and thirties, when the Central Kingdom all but perished.

Underground War on Auto Insurance

by James Ridgeway

The automobile insurance business is a giant which appears to have gone out of control. Over the past five years, companies that write \$8.5 billion in annual premiums have pleaded they would go broke without rate increases, and languid state insurance commissioners, who are meant to regulate the industry, have usually acceded to this demand with the result that insurance in many places today costs nearly 25 percent more than it did in 1960.

However, once having received a rate increase which the commissioners authorize in the general public interest, the insurance companies turn around and narrow the market of people they want to insure. This is because the big companies are locked in ruinous competition to insure preferred risk drivers — people between 30 and 50, who don't drive their cars around much and haven't had any accidents. At best, the preferred risk group may include 30 percent of the 100 million drivers in the country.

Those not included in the prime risk category are paying more and more for insurance, and in some cases find it hard to get policies from reputable companies. The squeeze is especially severe on people between 16 and 25, or over 65, or anyone owning a car and living in a metropolitan center. Some companies simply will not write any business in poor Negro neighborhoods. Recently there have been complaints that amputee and paraplegic veterans have had policies canceled. These veterans, who drive especially equipped cars, often have excellent driving records. By concentrating on prime risks, the industry has opened the way for a booming business by the "high risk" bucket-shop operators — companies which specialize in insuring drivers with bad accident records. They charge usurious rates.

Senator Thomas Dodd's insurance subcommittee looked into the high risk business in 1965 and discovered that over the past five years, 65 companies had become insolvent, leaving 300,000 people, many of them badly injured in car accidents, with \$100 million in unpaid claims. To remedy this Dodd now wants to establish a federal Motor Vehicle Insurance Guaranty Corporation which would guarantee people get paid should the insurer go down. It is a modest proposal, but industry officials and leaders of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners are against it. They dread federal intervention. About two-thirds of

the auto insurance is issued by stock companies, that is firms that sell shares. Mutual companies account for the other third.

Half the insurance is written by stock and mutual companies which belong to rating bureaus. These bureaus, in effect, set the rates for members. They lead the way in proceedings before the state insurance commissioners, whom they badger for rate hikes. Behind the bureaus come the independent companies, which generally ask for less of an increase. (The independents often can afford to do this because they don't have an elaborate agent network to support.)

Insurance companies will cite inflation, the growing number of lousy drivers cracking up cars, and high jury verdicts awarded accident victims brought about by clever plaintiff lawyers as justification for rate increases. All of this is bolstered by a mass of actuarial data, which neither the commissioners nor anyone else attending the proceeding fully understand. Indeed, the state commissioners don't have the staffs to determine whether the companies are telling the truth, and many have never defined laws which say vaguely that rates must be "adequate" or "not excessive."

Two years ago the American Trial Lawyers Association, which represents 20,000 claimants lawyers, feared insurance company publicity had finally got to the juries, and they were, in fact, returning reduced verdicts in accident cases. Joseph Kelner, then vice president of ATLA, sent around kits of publicity material to key association lawyers in each state. The kits told how to fight back. Studies showed, for example, that only 10 percent of the claims ever result in suit; only a tiny portion of this total are tried, and insurance companies win half the cases tried. Kelner also sent articles prepared especially for ATLA that demonstrated auto insurance companies were not losing money as they claimed, but because of odd bookkeeping devices actually were hiding substantial earnings. In Richmond, Virginia, George E. Allen Jr., an ATLA attorney, who with his father and brothers runs a vast, semiautomated personal injury law firm, was sent one of Kelner's kits, which he examined with interest. Allen was concerned about lower jury awards, and he also thought the industry was pulling a fast one with the continual rate hikes. He joined with three Norfolk ATLA lawyers who also were worried about rising rates. One of them was Henry Howell Jr., a

state senator, who had been trying to get Virginia to set up a consumer bureau. He wanted an independent staff to stand for the general public before the state regulatory agencies. Howell thought insurance ought to be regulated like a monopolistic public utility. This is wild stuff for Virginia and Howell's bill got nowhere in the legislature. In 1965, the auto insurance companies asked for yet another rate increase. Allen, Howell, Stanley Sachs and H. Lee Kanter decided they would oppose the insurance companies in proceedings before the State Corporation Commission, the regulatory agency. This would combat the bad publicity the lawyers were getting as well as show what public defenders could accomplish. The lawyers raised \$1,000 and in the spring of 1965 hired T. Grayson Maddrea, a Richmond accountant, to analyze the industry's books.

Profit Instead of Loss

Maddrea began by assuming nobody could understand the actuarial statistics produced by the companies. He concentrated on unraveling the industry's finances, which he discovered were peculiarly handled.

Auto insurance companies, he demonstrated, use sleight-of-hand in accounting procedures which make the business seem as if it is in the red, when actually it is turning a profit. This trick is accomplished by mixing the accrual method of accounting (in stating income) with the cash method (in listing expenses). A hypothetical example may help to show how the dodge is worked. Say you take out auto insurance December 1, 1966, and on that day write a check for \$120 to cover the premium. The company works by the calendar year and closes its books December 31. Since only one month is left in the year, the company shows only one-twelfth of the premium, or in this case, \$10 as income. This is the accrual method with the rest of the income spread out over the coming year. In the expense column, however, the cash method is applied: The company lists total agents commission, production expenses, taxes, office expenses and profit. This totals about 35 percent of the premium and in the example comes to \$42. Thus, while the company actually took in \$120 on this premium in 1966, the books show a loss of \$32. As long as the companies increase premium income each year, which they do, they will appear to be losing money.

Premiums, of course, are collected in advance and earmarked for a fund called the unearned premium reserve. Money in this fund, which last year for all companies totaled \$3.7 billion, is counted in making rates. On the other hand, the company charges all losses as expenses when first reported, even though settlement of the loss claim may take years. This, as

Maddrea suggests, results in a rather conservative picture of the business.

The unearned premium reserve is a windfall for the company in more ways than one. Because of a rule drawn up in behalf of the industry by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners—the association that is supposed to be regulating the companies—no money in this enormous reserve is subject to federal income tax. The government adopted the NAIC rule. In most other kinds of corporations such funds would be taxed as income. This arrangement looks like a bigger steal than the oil depletion allowance. In fact, many insurance companies pay small federal taxes or none at all.

The auto insurance companies profit in another way: the money in their unearned premium reserve is invested and produces a return of four to five percent.

The company also sets aside funds in a loss reserve to cover claims. (The loss reserve often is half the size of the unearned premium reserve.) The loss reserve is invested for a return of four or five percent. The loss reserve is really a kind of trust fund, where money for an accident victim is held over the three to five years until the claim is settled.

None of the investment income from either of these huge reserves is counted as profit by the company when it asks for higher rates.

Maddrea figured out what the insurance companies actually made in Virginia by applying a cash accounting method for 1965. All companies showed a net profit before taxes of \$11.3 million, or 9 percent profit. The supposed profit in that state is 5 percent.

Maddrea's approach has been used before by security analysts who want to convince investors that auto insurance stock is not the bum deal it seemed.

As the Virginia proceedings wore on, Maddrea's reputation traveled through an underground of ATLA lawyers who were preparing cases in other states. He next appeared in Maryland as an expert witness for George Shadoan, a trial attorney who had intervened against a rate increase in behalf of Rockville, a town in the Washington suburbs. Shadoan ran Maddrea through his paces, and then cut to pieces the industry witnesses whom he caught misquoting court decisions. The state insurance commissioner, Francis B. Burch, turned down the appeal for rate increases. Adopting much of Maddrea's approach, he ruled the companies must change their accounting methods and include investment income from unearned premium reserves in calculating rates. The industry appealed to the courts, which thus far have upheld Burch. This fall, Maddrea appeared as an expert witness for another group of ATLA lawyers fighting rate increases in Maine. There is no decision yet. He may testify in cases being prepared in West Virginia and Indiana.

Rate hearings are still underway in Virginia. To get some independent advice on how they should be determined, the State Corporation Commission spent \$30,000 and hired Woodward & Fondiller, a New York firm specializing in actuarial consulting. Woodward & Fondiller came in with a lengthy report urging the state to abandon any attempt at regulation, and instead allow the companies to succeed or fail according to the principles of free enterprise. Under cross-examination, Senator Howell drew from the company representative that while preparing the report for Virginia, Woodward & Fondiller was also in the employ of Continental Casualty, one of the insurance companies seeking a rate increase in the same proceedings. This is merely one indication of close ties between industry and the Commission.

ATLA Chickens Out

As the four Virginia lawyers drove ahead with their cases Joseph Kelner, who in 1965 became president of ATLA, apparently lost his enthusiasm for the reform he had helped begin. Nobody really knows what happened to Kelner, but he began calling up lawyers involved in the rate cases. Kelner says he only wanted information, but some took what he said as instructions to "call off the dogs," as one of them put it. Kelner says he never tried to change anybody's mind, but sources within ATLA suggest he felt the lawyers had gone too far and was anxious to arrange a "truce" with the industry. In this endeavor, according to one story, he got in touch with James Donovan, counsel for the National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters, the rating bureau that represents many of the stock companies. The idea was to somehow get the industry to stop insinuating that spiraling rates were due to high jury verdicts. For its part, ATLA would lay off its attacks on rates. At the time, ATLA was involved in a number of other political battles, and Kelner may well have thought the insurance fight was too much to handle. Kelner insists he didn't try to influence anybody. Donovan says there is nothing to the truce story. However, Donovan said he talked with Kelner and other lawyers in an effort to avoid having the "image of the bar" damaged because of these cases. It probably seems ungentlemanly for a few rambunctious ATLA members to be locked in a knockdown dragout with insurance lawyers belonging to the American Bar Association.

While Kelner's calls were credited with slowing some of the cases, he only made the Virginia lawyers mad and more determined than ever.

But a state-by-state change in rates will take ages. The real possibility for reform lies in ATLA taking up the case of restructuring insurance rates, much as it

did in supporting automobile safety laws last year, and going before Congress where at long last there is some interest in the auto insurance mess. This is not likely to happen.

Instead Congress will probably work on the Dodd insolvency bill, a measure practical politicians see as the only possible thing to squeak past the industry's defenses. Left entirely in the hands of the Connecticut Senator who is so thoroughly influenced by the insurance companies, the bill probably would go nowhere. But Senators Hart, Clark and Magnuson have added their names to the bill. Magnuson's Commerce Committee wants to hold hearings in the spring. Magnuson is up for reelection in 1968, and has been busily changing his image from corporation stooge to consumer champion. A modest stab at reforming the worst elements in the auto insurance business would probably enhance his prestige with the voters.

But auto insurance needs a far more basic reform than the Dodd bill offers. The interests of this industry too often work against those of the general public. Through the Insurance Institute of Highway Safety, for example, the auto insurance companies supported the President's Committee on Traffic Safety, a Detroit front that determinedly opposed a federal role in traffic safety, and refused to accept the idea that vehicle design was a factor in accidents. They even opposed construction of a federal traffic safety research center because, the insurance companies claimed, it was the beginning of a government monopoly in research. From their accident reports, the insurance firms might well have told us a good deal about why accidents happen and what can be done to reduce them. But they haven't.

Instead of the inane competition for preferred risks, insurance firms could be using their immense political leverage to argue for safer cars, better roads and uniform national licensing provisions for everyone who drives, all of which would lower underwriting costs. They ought to be arguing for less driving in metropolitan areas. They should stop basing rates on age, race and geographical area, and instead write insurance uniformly on the basis of experience, and in the case of youngsters on their training. As Maddrea makes clear, rates could very probably be lowered by insisting that the companies give a more realistic account of their business. And the companies should probably be balancing preferred risks with bad risks in writing single reasonable rates for drivers throughout the country. The business needs a thorough reform and stiff federal regulation. Perhaps the Magnuson hearings will work toward this end, and to begin with it may be hoped he will call the ATLA lawyers from Maryland and Virginia with their accountant who have struggled along alone with this underground war.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN *The Really Lost Generation*

The American 1890s by Larzer Ziff is an exceptional book.¹ Studies of American literature are often written with the clank of pedantic iron; and either they tug us over familiar ground as their authors trudge toward academic tenure or they fabricate new theories by means of peculiar readings. But Ziff, who teaches at Berkeley, writes generally well, barring an occasional sentence so carefully inclusive that it gets swamped. His book is neither time-serving pedantry nor willful theory. He has seen some truths in the decade of which he writes, and he presents them interestingly.

In brief, this is his view: America, in the 1890's, produced a group of writers who were vigorously gifted, who were morally and artistically revolutionary, and who were truly our lost generation—as against the celebrated lost generation of the 1920's who were in fact quickly and widely received. These earlier writers arrived too soon to overcome completely the prevailing attitudes both of the literary panjandrums and of society.

In 1884 Henry James wrote to W. D. Howells, then America's Grand Panjandrum, of his admiration for French literary honesty and his disgust for "the floods of tepid soap and water" in the current literature of "our race." But Howells, eager as he was to help new writers and earnest in his wish to advance, had narrower limitations than James. Thus, as Ziff says, he could welcome young writers who explored social issues and who found that class oppression often led to the sexual oppression of women, but he was constitutionally unable to accept the view that the change in social conditions was making new sexual freedoms permissible. "This is why [Howells] was so hospitable to Stephen Crane's *Maggie*, so vehement against Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*."

Howells' mind was not banally typical of the day, it was one of the more progressive; hence the decade's prob-

lem. Obviously sexual candor is not the sole criterion of literary truth or merit; but Ziff's subject is an era of rapidly expanding consciousness and no part of that consciousness is more important than that dealing with sexual life. Ziff's thesis—well-articulated—is that the expanding consciousness of the best writers of the 1890's was hindered, ignored, or combated.

The decade ended almost as if a curtain had dropped, isolating it from what followed. A gruesome joke contributing to that isolation was that three of the best writers of the 1890's died very young: Stephen Crane at 29, and both Harold Frederic and Frank Norris at 32. Ziff says that the first decade of the 20th century was the dullest in our literary history. If those three men had lived, that decade and our whole ensuing history might have been very different.

Ziff's collation of his materials, including the developments in newspapers, the arty magazines of the time, and the differing forces in fiction (some of which were quite traditional and romantic), is skillful and enlightening. His critical comments are perceptive, not merely forced phrase-making because a critical comment is required at that point:

"*The Red Badge of Courage* is a tour de force because . . . without the presence of its author at every point life would not go on. . . . It is like a dream which impresses one as being truer than daily events, but which requires the dreaming mind and which, unlike daily events, never develops a life of its own apart from the dreamer."

The capstone of Ziff's book, toward which it builds calmly and logically, is in its last paragraph:

"American literature affords but this one example of a generation—the generation of the nineties—cut off before its time because it had started before its time, and revived when the slower processes of history had made room for it. . . .

When the transforming events of the nineties subsided into the tranquillity of the following ten years, these writers appeared to be part of the temporary disorders which had been thrown off in the now ended spasms of the decade. But these spasms proved in fact to be not the convulsions of rejection but the first strong and sure labor pains of modern American literature."

There is no better proof of this thesis than a book published in 1899 which is, as Ziff says, "a novel of the first rank" and which is relatively unknown—*The Awakening* by Kate Chopin. The author's name always occurs in detailed literary histories but, for an example, in the one long paragraph devoted to her in Macmillan's huge *Literary History of the United States*, this novel is not even mentioned. I first became aware of the book through Edmund Wilson's comments in *Patriotic Gore* and made a mental note to read it, which note somehow got erased. Ziff—and this is only one of my debts to his book—reminded me of it strongly. Since *Patriotic Gore* appeared, *The Awakening* has been reprinted in a paperbound edition.² I have now read it, belatedly, and am convinced that this long-overlooked novel deserves a place in the line of major American fiction.

Kate Chopin was born Katharine O'Flaherty in St. Louis in 1851. Her mother was French and she herself was bilingual. At 19 she married a Creole banker named Oscar Chopin, and lived with him in New Orleans and on a Louisiana plantation until his death in 1882. In 1883 she returned to St. Louis with her six children, and it was then that she began to write. (Significantly, Ziff says that she "had perfected her French in Louisiana, and the reading which prompted her to attempt writing was chiefly in that language." She translated some Maupassant and Daudet, and was familiar with Flaubert, the Goncourts, and Zola.)

She wrote about a hundred short stories, some of which are collected in
(Continued on page 37)

¹ *The American 1890s* by Larzer Ziff (Viking; \$7.50).

² *The Awakening* by Kate Chopin (Capricorn Books; \$1.45).

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

New Windows on Poverty

by Morris Renek

When the Italian film director De Sica was in Chicago in the early fifties he told why *Shoeshine* was a flop in Italy. He buoyantly recalled the words of the man-in-the-street: Why should I go to your movie? All I have to do

La Vida
by Oscar Lewis
(Random House; \$10)

is look out my window and I see the same thing. For many prospering Americans, Oscar Lewis provided that window on poverty.

La Vida reads like the wind in many places because of the characters and of Lewis' mastery in organizing his materials. He has also bitten off more than he can chew. The San Juan slum of La Esmeralda is made unforgettable while "the culture of poverty" in New York City and the Bronx remains, to put it politely, vague. Yet the overall impact is genuine and frightening even if the method that produces this impact is showing signs of strain. Tape-recorded anthropology, an imaginative but never perfect method, has been refined with such sophistication and artfulness that it is in danger of popularizing poverty by editing the poor for their tabloid peaks. There is also the annoying hint that some of the chapter headings in this study seem culled from *The National Enquirer*: A Whore in the Morning Disgusts Me; My Teen-Age Husband; If I Could Lock Her In A Cage; Whoring Is Not My Line. The poor have been under glass too long for so little progress, and this sideshow barking is gratuitous. An impoverished woman put it another way: nothing is changed, but the prices are higher.

The notable contribution of Oscar Lewis was his bringing to current anthropology another view than that of the patterns of culture approach. He chose intensive studies on specific units of culture such as the family. In *La*

Vida it is the Ríos family from the urban slum of La Esmeralda, a mother and four grown children; all propelled by their almost pristine, hair-triggered id. The tape recorder enables Lewis, and his assistants, to transmit the direct autobiographical impression while reducing the investigator's middle-class bias through which the information must pass.

To catch the poor directly *as they are* is laudable. But how can one say the dirty words that champion a certain perceptive middle-class mind? A tape recorder can't think, but Oscar Lewis is a brilliant thinker. Yet his intelligence is not around to filter out the obvious dross and interweave and provoke a more essential exchange. By the time he edits the tape, the opportunity is gone. Then the tapes are transcribed, translated, edited and organized. In one sense we get the Ríos family directly, yet this badly educated family

comes across grammatically clean and at breakneck speed. The obsessions, the long waits, the continuous nightmares, the painful hesitations induced by poverty are sped over. In this pyrotechnical display of the poor life, a reader would be hard put to get the true impression that actually "most of the children were raised during the crucial early years of their lives by mothers who were not prostitutes at the time." Emphasis on this fuller portrait would have made their conditions all the more horrible.

One of the troubles of the poor, and of victims in general, is that they are so colorful. This leads to the kind of cheap drama we get in our mass media. The meanness of a victim is shown – as in the movie *The Pawnbroker* – yet there is no questioning of the Nazis responsible for changing this once happy family man. Lewis' phrase "the culture of poverty" doesn't adequately describe the beast because it leaves the victimizers in the shadows where they thrive.

The Ríos family is shocking not be-

The Needful Rites-1966

Grave music leads me where I would not go.
Blood lamentations crowd my tired ear.
We are self-damned. And blind with what we know.

Bombs rain on ragged villages below.
Bright smoke of self-burned priests hangs in the air.
Grave music leads me where I would not go.

Burned broken limbs, flayed skulls, strewn veins bestow
The truthless leaders with new fuels of fear.
We are self-damned. And blind with what we know.

And righteous "causes" march on, proud to show
Those needful rites of slaughter they revere.
Grave music leads me where I would not go.

With each blast's toll the holier we grow;
While children's bodies scatter in the fire.
We are self-damned. And blind with what we know.

Forsaken sacrifice. Whom do they owe?
The prancing sovereigns herd them to a bier.
Grave music leads me where I would not go.
We hoard our blindness, damned with what we know.

JAMES BULLARD KENNEDY

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cause they are the Puerto Rican norm (they are not!), but because they are not the worst family in La Esmeralda. The hot-tempered mother Fernanda carried a Gem razor blade hidden in her mouth to slash men who did her wrong when she was a prostitute. At forty, her sixth husband is a teenager. She also punished her children by violent beatings, having them hold stones in their outstretched hands, and tying them upside down and brushing fire across the soles of their feet.

When her daughter Felícita needs money to feed her five children, she advises her to become a prostitute. Felícita, after some hesitation, goes to a bar where other members of her family have hustled before her. She has her impersonal sex, and feels contempt for the men who are taken in by her show of love when all she wants is their money.

Fernanda's oldest daughter Soledad knows no one has ever loved her. Her much older husband Arturo is a pimp and she becomes a prostitute. She is toothless by 25, a slasher of men, needs and gets mental care periodically, and is attractive to men.

These three women, plus the son Simplicio, and the youngest daughter Cruz (none of the children is older than 25) have gone through twenty marriages, three of them legal. The Ríos women move with relative ease back and forth between being a wife, mother and prostitute. The women are the ones who don't want to be married, and for good reason. While it is the men who want to keep the family together, the men are quick to take up with another woman.

This free-style doesn't always lead to pleasure, but to brutal fights and razor slashings where the women give as good as they get. The wives, too, jump into bed with other men—while the children see everything. They play at being pregnant and prostitutes and seducers. They masturbate in the kitchen to the delight of company, and are sometimes sexually stimulated by their parents.

The men for these women can be anyone, even one who tried to burn his wife alive but only succeeded in burning her until she was crippled. As stepfathers they ogle and try to seduce their stepdaughters. They are too fixated with "wearing the pants"

to be as secure as they act. They will beg their wife to buy them a comic book, act dependent and be irresponsible. When kicked out for good, they accept the woman's money for transportation. Yet they will kick a woman in the face with the iron tip of their pointed shoes.

The use of contraceptives is not for them. The women know a variety of easy home methods to abort a child. Failing this, one couple threw it in the sea "like it was a dog." One man kept kicking his wife in the belly. The kicks left her gasping for air but she didn't lose the child.

Anthropology—as a tape-recorded mirror of life—is the shyest of the humanities. It asks so few important questions. One has to go to the intelligent, informative and forthright introduction for a look beyond the nose of the characters. There we find interesting versions why the Puerto Rican poor don't revolt. We learn that the San Juan slum belt will be in use for possibly another two centuries or more.

Lewis also poses a formidable challenge by his speculation: "On the basis of my limited experience in one socialist country—Cuba—and on the basis of my reading, I am inclined to believe that the culture of poverty does not exist in socialist countries." While Cuba had much of the same slums after the Castro Revolution as before, and the people were still desperately poor, they had risen out of the culture of poverty because they now had a sense of power and importance. They had confidence in the future. They "were given a doctrine which glorified the lower class as the hope of humanity."

The underdeveloped countries, in Lewis' eyes, are beyond the help of a social-work solution. Neither can psychiatrists cope with the magnitude of the problem. His own genuine desperation with deeply rooted poverty is heard in his conclusion:

"By creating basic structural changes in society, by redistributing wealth, by organising the poor and giving them a sense of belonging, of power and of leadership, revolutions frequently succeed in abolishing some of the basic characteristics of the culture of poverty even when

they do not succeed in abolishing poverty itself."

The horror of poverty is also in the leaving of it, and seeing some of its traits ingrained on more prosperous levels. (The taking of hateful and de-

In administration circles in Washington, says Mr. Coffin, they describe Senator William J. Fulbright as "the Democratic Borah." The context shows that Mr. Coffin regards this as malicious, which it probably is. But it is

Senator Fulbright
Portrait of a Public Philosopher
by Tristram Coffin
(Dutton; \$6.95)

correct. The administration stooges no doubt have in mind Borah as described by *The Baltimore Evening Sun*: "He speaks for righteousness, votes with the boys, and bursts into tears." By Coffin's own account there is a touch of that Borah in Fulbright, although there is no trace of Borah the blind isolationist. What is overlooked by the trained seals who bark at the presidential command is the other Borah—the brilliant intellect, the implacable foe of official crooks, the scourge of pomposities and vanities, the ramrod spine that would not bend to allow its owner to lick the boots of any occupant of the White House, to and including Woodrow Wilson, a harder-boiled egg than Lyndon Baines Johnson ever was.

This Borah, also, is reflected in Fulbright, and it is his virtues, not his vices, that have placed him at the head of the list of those to be purged in 1968. Coffin roundly asserts that Johnson has indicated, privately, his intention to defeat Fulbright with Faubus, the limber jenkins who was an eminent liberal when that was politically profitable under Roosevelt, but who turned into a howling racist when Arkansans resented the demolition of the "separate but equal" fraud in the school system. What Faubus would do

grading jobs for money and being filled with contempt.) It is these insights on poverty, when they come from the specific to light up the wider world, that makes *La Vida* an engrossing experience—and the world a much smaller place.

The Democratic Borah

by Gerald W. Johnson

in the United States Senate the Delphic oracle couldn't guess, but he would assuredly be subservient to White House direction.

Coffin is definitely and defiantly pro-Fulbright, which must be taken into account in assessing the credibility of his book. He is also addicted to the indirect quote, even on highly significant points, leaving the reader in doubt as to how much of the text is actually Fulbright and how much is Coffin, which is irritating. But the

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account of Fulbright's overt activities is adequately documented and in view of the extracts copied from altered records it is easy to follow the development of his thought and to understand the motivation of his acts.

It is the more persuasive because Coffin makes no attempt to cover up or to exculpate Fulbright's great weakness—one, incidentally, that he shared with Borah. This is a naïveté that leads him to accept at face value preposterous claims made by his friends. It may be condoned in the intellectually underprivileged, but in a man of high intelligence and impressive scholarly attainments, it is blameworthy, and Fulbright knows it. The catastrophic demonstration of this weakness came when the Senator accepted at face value the Defense Department's account of the Tonkin Gulf incident, which was described as an act of unprovoked aggression by Hanoi's PT boats. Much later it transpired that the USS *Maddox* fired the first shot. The commander said it was across the bows of the PT boats which, in the case of a merchant ship, would be a lawful warning to halt, but in the case of a naval vessel is an act of war, entitling the warship to return the fire. Lacking that information, Fulbright, as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, introduced and drove through the Senate the ill-famed Tonkin Gulf Resolution, empowering the President, without consulting anybody, to take all necessary measures to repel attacks on our warships.

"It was an aberration," says Fulbright now. It was also unconstitutional if it does, in fact, surrender Congress' exclusive power to declare war. In any case, it is the legal basis for escalation of the war until we have now half a million troops in combat and in support of the operation. It also destroyed the power of the legislative to exercise any effective control over the executive in the matter of Vietnam.

On the other hand, it demolishes the theory, apparently accepted by the President, that Fulbright's opposition to escalation of the war is based on personal malice and political ambition. The record shows that Fulbright has done everything but crawl in the effort to maintain friendly relations with the President; and history shows that any

politician who opposes war, once hostilities have begun, is inviting defeat. A political axiom is the announcement of the Congressman who lost his seat for opposing the War of 1812: "If I ever get into Congress again, I shall never fail to vote in favor of war, pestilence, and famine."

Granting, then, that we have in the Senator from Arkansas a man of sincerity and courage, the question arises, is he also a man of sense?

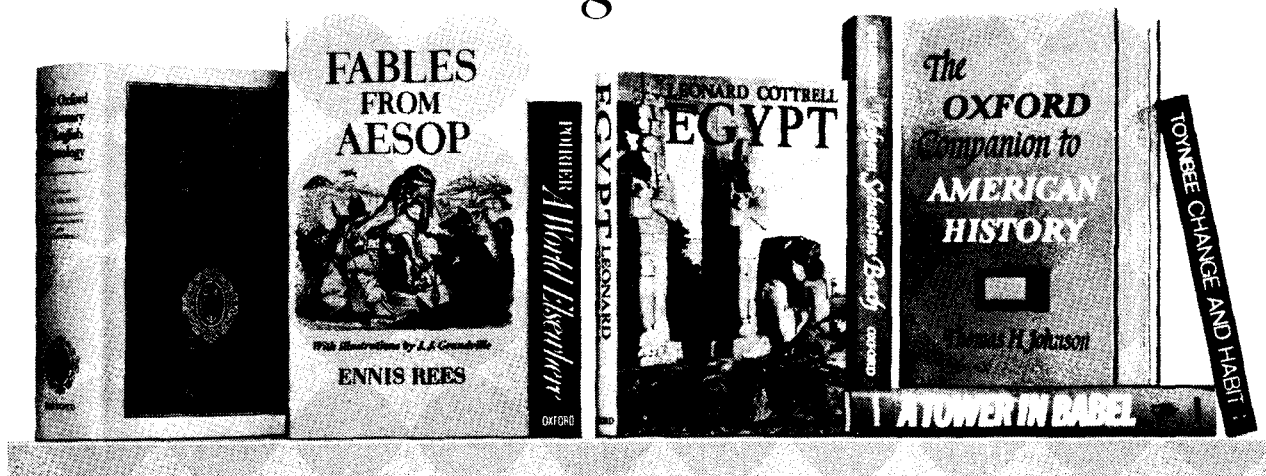
On this point we do not have to take the word of Coffin or any other observer. The Senator speaks for himself, and must be judged on his own words. The book presents the gist of his utterances, some on the floor of the Senate, others at committee hearings, many from rostra all over the country, in which he presents his position in regard to Vietnam, to Santo Domingo, and to our foreign relations in general. They are, in the phrase beloved of lawyers, clear, cogent, and convincing. Fulbright admits that he has been wrong on some details—glaringly wrong on the Tonkin Gulf Resolution—but his general view of what American foreign policy should be is so obviously correct that it is not challenged, even by his opponents. The questionable point is his profound conviction that any foreign policy, to be successful, must be based on fact. The opposite opinion, held by Dulles, and by Rusk, the Democratic Dulles, is that a sound foreign policy should be based on theory—only they call it "principle"—in the hope that fact may eventually be made to conform.

They consider Fulbright an opportunist. He considers them fanatics. This reader adheres to Fulbright, but without denying the reality of the question—or of the appalling possibility that they may both be right.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Morris Renek is the author of a novel, *The Big Hello*, published a few years ago by Dial. James Bullard Kennedy is a young California poet who is currently at work on a book length poem. Howard Simons is the science editor of *The Washington Post*. Floyd McKissick is National Director of CORE.

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Great Dane

by Howard Simons

It is easy to be enthusiastic about Ruth Moore's biography. It turns out to be the most pleasant and painless way I know for the other culture to taste the flavor and excitement of modern atomic physics, many of

Niels Bohr
by Ruth Moore
(Knopf; \$6.95)

whose terms and notions still are alien to most persons—complementarity, uncertainty, quantum mechanics, exclusion.

The pleasure, of course, is Miss Moore's subject. Niels Bohr was lovable and affable, a Great Dane and a St. Bernard, pro-world and anti-Nazi, a Butterfingers in the laboratory and a remarkably long-lived terror in theoretical physics, a ready communicant with every major figure during physics' recent "heroic" age and a notorious

plodder when it came to writing his own scientific papers.

Niels Henrik David Bohr was born in 1885 and died four years ago. In school, he proved himself adept at mathematics, physics and soccer, though not nearly as adept in the last-named as his brother Harald who won a silver medal in the Olympics. Then came England and Cambridge and Ernest Rutherford, Bohr's lifelong mentor, friend, and collaborator (as it seems was everyone else). By 1913 Bohr had impacted physics with his startling insight into the heart of the atom. Seven years later he opened his Institute for Theoretical Physics in Copenhagen which, in time, would be likened to Plato's Academy, and in further time would become a haven for scientists fleeing Hitler. In 1922, at the age of 37, Bohr was awarded the Nobel Prize, then the youngest scientist to be so honored. In 1927, he advanced the concept of complementarity, a theory tagged by J. Robert Oppenheimer as "the inauguration of a new phase in the evolution of human thinking." Still later, he would help 6,000 of Denmark's 7,000 Jews to escape to Sweden and then escape himself in the bomb-bay of a British airplane.

In all his life, Bohr had only two adversaries: Albert Einstein and Winston Churchill.

Einstein and Bohr never could agree on Bohr's complex theory of complementarity. In October 1927, both Bohr and Einstein and nearly every other first-rank theoretical physicist were present at a scientific meeting in Italy. Bohr discussed complementarity. Miss Moore describes what happened next:

"Excitement mounted as Einstein rose to speak. He did not keep them long in suspense. He did not like uncertainty. He did not like the abandonment of 'reality.' He did not think complementarity was an acceptable solution, or a necessary one. . . .

A dozen physicists were shouting in a dozen languages for the floor. Individual arguments were breaking out in all parts of the room.

Lorentz, who was presiding, pounded to restore order. He fought to keep the discussion within bounds of amity and order. But so great was the noise and the commotion that Ehrenfest slipped up to the blackboard, erased some of the figures that filled it, and wrote: 'The Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.'

As the embattled physicists suddenly recognized the reference to the confusion of languages that beset building the tower of Babel, a roar of laughter went up. The first round had ended."

There would be more rounds but neither Bohr nor Einstein could convince the other.

It was Bohr, not Einstein, who deserves credit as the architect of atomic power. Miss Moore tells us why. Take, for example, the day in 1935 when Bohr and his colleagues at the Institute were listening to a discussion of a paper on slow neutrons, which in time would figure in the development of the bomb. "Bohr kept interrupting, and I wondered a bit impatiently why he didn't let the speaker finish," recalled Otto Frisch. "Then in the middle of a sentence, Bohr abruptly stopped and sat down, his face suddenly dead. We feared he had been taken ill. After a few seconds he got up again and with an apologetic smile said, 'Now I understand it.'"

"In those few seconds," Miss Moore notes, "Bohr had grasped the idea that would lay the basis for the future of physics, and indeed the world. He had understood essentially what was happening in the nucleus [of the atom] and why, and thus he had the clue to the constitution and nature of the nucleus, to its transmutations and disintegration."

Three years later, Frisch and his aunt Lise Meitner (interpreting work by Hahn and Strassman in Germany) sat on a log in the woods near Göteborg, Sweden and discovered "fission," so called because Frisch asked a young biologist at Bohr's Institute days after what biologists call the splitting of a cell. It was Bohr who carried the word to America. Within the month four American laboratories had achieved fission. Within another month, Bohr

SENATOR FULBRIGHT by Tristram Coffin

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn \$10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that \$15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's \$15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently



end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

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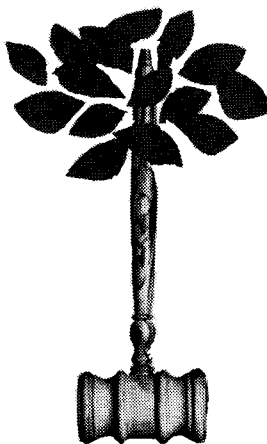
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PANTHEON



and Princeton's John Wheeler had identified the isotope U-235. The year was 1939.

Bohr's troubles with Winston Churchill stemmed from the Dane's wartime efforts to get Franklin Roosevelt and Churchill to look ahead to the postwar period. The thrust of Bohr's argument was contained in a seven-page memorandum sent to the White House. One excerpt supplies the gist: "Quite apart from the question of how soon the weapon will be ready for use and what role it may play in the present war, this situation raises a number of problems which call for the most urgent attention. Unless, indeed, some agreement about the control of the use of the new active materials can be obtained in due time, any temporary advantage, however great, may be outweighed by a perpetual menace to human security."

Churchill wouldn't listen. What's more, he suspected Bohr wanted the British and Americans to tell Stalin about the Manhattan Project and further suspected someone if not Bohr, would breach security and he would have none of it. Churchill's view prevailed, so much so that he conned Roosevelt (though it is not satisfactorily explained in this or other books how or why) into cosigning an aide-memoire that put Bohr under surveillance. This, despite the fact that Bohr had rejected (with the aid of the British Secret Service) a thinly veiled invitation from Russia's Peter Kapitza to come there during World War II to work on atomic research.

There is no evidence to indicate that even if the Russians had been brought into the secret of atom bomb making succeeding events would have been greatly altered. But as Oppenheimer said in defending Bohr years after the latter's death: "I think myself that if we had acted wisely, clearly and discreetly in accordance with his [Bohr's] views, at least we might have been freed of our rather blasphemous sense of omnipotence, of our delusions about the effectiveness of secrecy. We might have turned our society and our life, toward a healthier vision of a future worth living for, an increased dedication to knowledge and truth."

The American atomic monopoly lasted only a short time and did America

little good. The arms race escalated. On November 10 of this year Secretary of Defense McNamara publicly disclosed that the Russians were deploying an antiballistic missile system and, in turn, the US was going to develop and produce a more powerful, more sophisticated submarine-launched missile. The bully bomb leers over every negotiator's shoulder; the world does live in "perpetual menace."

Bohr's atom has been shattered, too. In the 1930's the physicist's notion of the atomic nucleus was satisfyingly simple. There were three known particles: the electron, proton and neutron. But that once simple world long since has gone to pieces. More and more particles have been wrenched from the heart of the atom by hurling

one particle at another in giant accelerators or atom-smashers and observing the bits and pieces as nuclear spoor.

Quite literally between 1930 and 1960 the more particles the physicists observed the less they enjoyed it, especially the theoreticians who abhor complexity. Accordingly they have been striving to bring order to the overpopulation and attendant chaos "seen" in the nucleus. They have not yet succeeded. But the quest is important. What the physicists are after is a basic understanding of all matter. In the quest, physics may find a new source of energy a thousand times more powerful than the hydrogen bomb, energy created by bringing together still-to-be-discovered pieces of matter and anti-matter.

last three years: the infection of violence, calamity, indifference, gratuitous murder, and (probably the cause of all these) brutalizing war. In his first and most abstract short play, *Interview*, Mr. van Itallie examines, through a form of verbal and physical choreography, the mechanization of life in modern urban America. The setting is chalk white, broken by aluminum lines; four nervous job applicants from various classes of life are questioned by four bland interviewers in smiling shiny masks. The interview begins to reduce the applicants to a gaping, blinking chorus, and when they retreat into the air, the street completes the process. A young girl trying to find her way to 14th Street runs a gauntlet of spastics, creeps, drunks, bizarre couples; a telephone operator is given cancer surgery with the actors transforming themselves into a failing respiratory machine; one unhappy man is given the usual ritual advice by his analyst ("Blah, blah, blah, blah - hostile! Blah, blah, blah - penis! Blah, blah, blah - mother! Blah,

THEATRE

Three Views of America

Just a few days ago, a director friend was trying to convince me that America stood on the brink of a theatrical renaissance that would produce at least ten dramatists of the first rank in the next few years. At the time I found this notion fairly preposterous but I am much more willing to entertain it now, having just returned from Jean-Claude van Itallie's three-play se-

America Hurrah
by Jean-Claude van Itallie
(Open Theatre)

quence, *America Hurrah*. I think I could respond to Mr. van Itallie's work under any circumstances—he speaks, if these plays are typical of him, more directly to my own particular obsessions than any other contemporary American playwright—but the important thing to note is that he does not function in isolation. The workshop and cabaret groups with which he has been associated have been collaborating with a surprising number of promising experimental dramatists, and one of these groups—the Open Theatre—has partly determined the development of his style.

The Open Theatre production of

America Hurrah, in fact, is inseparable from the plays themselves, and the difficulty of the reviewer is in finding ways to praise the playwright without helping to deliver him over to the cultural cannibals. For if Mr. van Itallie provides the mind, spirit, and creative impulse of the evening, the Open Theatre actors provide the technique and invention, formed over three years of experimental work in histrionic transformation, and it would be criminal if the playwright's success led to any dissolution of this collaboration. (That a similar collaboration produces less fruitful results with the Open Theatre production of *Viet Rock* is perhaps explained by the fact that its interesting author has there functioned as her own director, and thus sacrificed the shaping effect of an objective hand, not to mention the toughening effect of an unsentimental mind.) With *America Hurrah*, the concept of theatrical unity finally becomes meaningful in this country and the American theatre takes three giant steps towards maturity.

The triumph of this occasion is to have found provocative theatrical images for the national malaise we have been suffering in Johnsonland these

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blah, blah, blah – money!") while another is given customary silence by his priest; a candidate for governor dispenses hollow rhetoric on the subject of rats, red tape, foul air, and Vietnam; and the play ends with the entire cast marching in place, their mouths opening and closing in a dehumanized language ("My fault" "Excuse me" "Can you help me?" "Next") from which all emotion has been evacuated. Joseph Chaikin, who founded the Open Theatre, has directed with keen imagination, finding the exact mechanical equivalents for the automatic movement of the play.

TV and Motel, both directed by the gifted Jacques Levy, are more particularized works, and both make their points through the interesting device of juxtaposition. TV, for example, which takes place in a television rating room, juxtaposes the eventless activities of three tired employees of the company with melodramatic scenes from familiar television programs (performed behind them by actors whose faces have been made up with video lines). The effect of this is to make a commonplace office reality act as a simple counterpoint to the grotes-

queries taking place on the screen, thus obviating any need for satiric exaggeration (which mars most satire on the medium). While the office workers quarrel, joke, hold a birthday party, choke on chicken bones, etc., the television people enact the fantasies, crimes, and aberrations of contemporary America. Wonderboy, aided by his Wondervision, saves a housewife threatened by her monster husband; a news program tells of the accidental killing of 60 peasants in a friendly Vietnamese village, followed by a commercial for cigarettes; the Lily Heaven show brings us a loudmouthed pop singer with a Pepsodent smile, singing an endless finale to endless applause; a Billion Dollar movie about World War II ends with the reconciliation of two stiff lovers ("I've learned a lot. . . . Maybe that's what wars are for"); Billy Graham addresses a crusade in Houston ("If you could see through the roof of this air conditioned aerodrome, you'd see the stars"), trying to reconcile great wealth with evangelical Christianity; a situation comedy, continually interrupted by canned laughter, revolves around the momentous question of why daughter isn't going

to the prom. By the conclusion of the play, the three employees have become completely assimilated into the video action, though they haven't even been watching it, thus demonstrating, I assume, how mass culture has the power to break down our reality, whether we allow it to or not.

Mr. van Itallie's final short play is the most exciting of the evening, for it is based on a metaphor so powerful that it may well become the objective correlative of the Johnson age. Entitled Motel, it too is based on juxtapositions – of civilization and savagery, harmony and disorder, the nostalgic past and the terrifying present. Verbally, Motel is a monologue spoken by a female motelkeeper – the homey voice belongs to Ruth White, but the body is that of an enormous aproned doll with a huge carnival mask atop it, complete with hair rollers and glasses. The speech drones on about rooms ("rooms of marble and rooms of cork, all letting forth an avalanche"), rooms throughout history, and particularly this motel room with its antimacassars, hooked rugs, plastic flowers from Japan, television sets, toilets that automatically flush. As the motelkeeper proudly cata-

Christmas in Vietnam! Where has all the gladness gone?

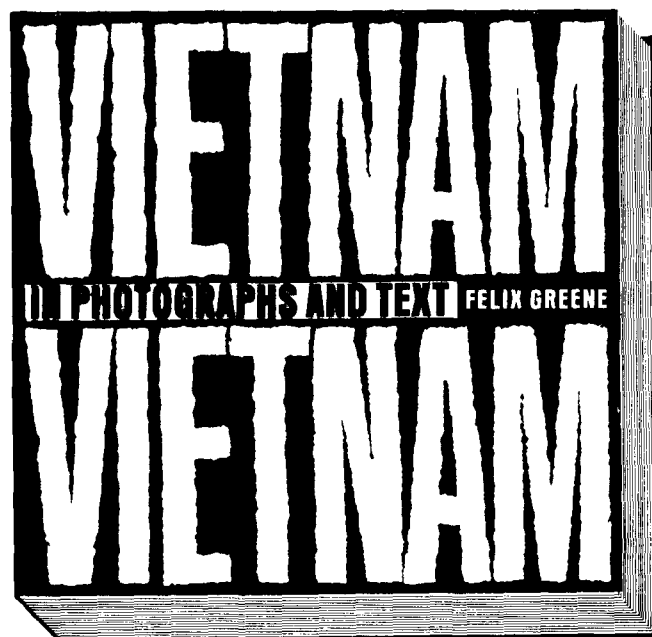
There will be little laughter in Vietnam this Christmas . . . Christmas and napalm . . . What carols shall we sing while our bombers devastate a small nation? And in the villages of Vietnam (and in many American homes) there will be tears for those for whom there will never be another Christmas.

What gifts can we give our friends this year that will not by their sheer irrelevance shame both them and us? *Perhaps there is one . . .*

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logues the room's possessions, the door opens with a blinding flash of headlights and a young couple enters — two more Artaudian mannikins on raised shoes, their huge heads bobbing, their bodies moving with the jerky menace of animated monsters. Gradually, they undress for the night, coming together for a grotesque papier mâché embrace, rubbing their cardboard bodies, then turn on the TV and, to the accompaniment of wild rock-and-roll, go about the cheerful destruction of the room: ripping off the toilet seat, breaking the bed springs, pulling down doors and windows, scrawling obscenities and pornographic drawings with lipstick on the walls, and finally tearing the motel-keeper apart, head and all. Vladimir Nabokov effectively used motel culture, in *Lolita*, as an image of the sordidness and tastelessness in the depths of our land; Mr. van Itallie uses it as an image of our violence, our insanity, our need to defile.

He has, in short, discovered the deepest poetic function of the theatre which is not, like most American dramatists, to absorb the audience into the author's own personal problems under the pretext that they are universal, but rather to invent metaphors which can poignantly suggest a nation's nightmares and afflictions. These metaphors solve nothing, change nothing, transform nothing, but they do manage to relax frustration and assuage loneliness by showing that it is still possible for men to share a common humanity — even if this only means sharing a common revulsion against what is mean and detestable. It is for this reason that I am exhilarated by these plays and by what they augur for the future of the American theatre.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

A Communication

Is Integration Necessary?

Sirs:

It is not my custom to take pen in hand every time a magazine article affronts my sense of rationality. But the October 1 issue of *The New Republic* contained a review of ex-

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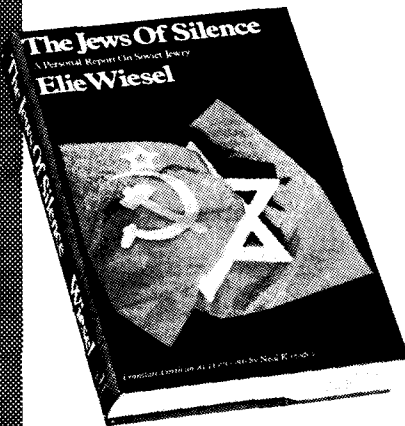
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What is it like to be a Jew in Russia today?



Written by the winner of the 1966 Jewish Heritage Award, this deeply personal account of Soviet anti-Semitism is based on Elie Wiesel's own experiences during a trip to the Soviet Union. It rips through the propaganda curtain to expose the truth about religious persecution inside Russia now.

In recent years, there have been reports of persistent anti-Jewish activity in Russia—activity such as the publication of the Streicher-like *Judaism without Embellishment*, the prohibition against the baking of Passover *matzoth*, the closing of synagogues, the general suppression of Jewish culture.

Elie Wiesel went to Russia to see for himself. Without official connections, he visited five Russian cities and talked to hundreds of Jews—*hasidim*, avowed communist students, bureaucrats, workers, technicians, young and old. His astonishing firsthand report on what he found is contained in *THE JEWS OF SILENCE*, one of the most important and newsworthy books of the year.

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traordinary importance: as much because of the reviewer as the book being reviewed. The book was the now famous Coleman Report, *Equality of Educational Opportunity* written of, by, and for the educational establishment. The reviewer, Christopher Jencks, has made a mark for his unorthodoxy, his lack of awe of the educational establishment—and his creative fertile mind.

Out of this dialectic came a remarkable conclusion, and one that is likely to haunt us for a long time to come: "a really superior school for Negroes must indeed be racially integrated."

The logic that compels this conclusion leaves much to be desired.

It runs roughly as follows:

The Coleman Report reveals that school facilities for Negroes and whites are remarkably alike.

Nonetheless, it is equally clear that Negroes do not learn in these wonderfully equal schools.

Ten years ago, it would have been proper to conclude that Negroes are just plain inferior. Today, that is not fashionable.

So instead, we are told that Negroes must be integrated into middle-class (and that means, white) schools. We are told that something called the *student culture* really makes the difference. In other words, mix Negroes with Negroes and you get stupidity. The reviewer was careful to acknowledge that you could mix Negroes with dumb whites and that that would not automatically elevate the Negro. To do him justice he said:

"Integrating poor Negroes with middle-class Negroes might do as much good as integrating them with middle-class whites, but as a practical matter there aren't enough middle-class Negroes to go around. . . . For the foreseeable future class integration will be impossible without racial integration."

It is difficult to live with this conclusion: that the Negro will have educational opportunity only with racial integration when it is quite clear, as Jencks notes, that "white America is not ready to do what would have to be done to integrate Negroes."

At first blush, one might well think that the \$1.5 million was spent on

a study in order to get white America off the hook, to prove conclusively that spending money trying to educate the Negro was just a waste. In the old days, such an assertion would have been accepted, without documentation. Science appears to have made such conclusions expensive.

But is that what the study really proves? I think not. And I am, for the sake of argument prepared to take Mr. Jencks at his word as to what the study says and does not say.

Let us take for granted that Negroes and whites have equally good schools, that simply pouring money into Negro schools will probably accomplish little or nothing, and that as yet untried improvements in school facilities and programs and similar kinds of innovation have made very little difference in the past.

It is not necessary for purposes of this discussion to assume that Negro schools and white schools are in all respects equal. It is only necessary to assume that the disparity in educational achievement is far greater than can be accounted for by the disparity in resources allocated to Negro and white schools respectively. One might instead speculate that the almost equal resources allocated to Negro schools have in fact gone into the creation of what one Harlem resident called a comprehensive system of "designed retardation."

Scattered throughout the review—as throughout the report are hints that point in a rather different direction from the panacea of integration—a panacea which the reviewer admits to be highly unfeasible politically.

He pointed out that while Negro students showed no less academic self confidence than the average white, they did not show *as much conviction* that their personal behavior would affect what happened to them. I wonder why that should be.

Second, he points out that the Report notes that "A Negro child's achievement is very highly correlated with his feeling that he can control his own destiny."

Third, he notes that "good teachers are much more important to Negroes than to whites." My point is that even if better teachers, a changed student culture, middle-class schools and ability to control one's own destiny are the

critical variables, they do not compel the conclusion that integration is the *sine qua non* of learning for Negroes.

In fact, total reliance on integration—which amounts to reliance on acceptance by the white man—is at direct odds with that sense of “control over one’s destiny” that Jencks notes correlates so directly with achievement.

One wonders if a good teacher is not really one who increases that sense—that sense of ability to cope, to perform, to succeed.

And finally, one wonders if that thing called “middle class” is not really a way of saying that the middle-class child is less helpless and vulnerable, that he knows his parents can and will go to bat for him, that he carries that attitude around with him, that his teachers perceive him differently and that he is treated differently.

David Hunter of the Stern Family Fund once recounted an experiment where a teacher was told that certain of her children were retarded. Sure enough, at the end of the year, their performance was considerably lower than the rest of the class. The only hitch was that those students were picked at random and the teacher’s belief in their inadequacy was made self-fulfilling by the mode in which she treated them.

Perhaps this debate over alternatives to integration would be largely academic and theoretical if the recent controversy over IS 201 in New York did not make clear to all the nation that the facile liberal equation between excellence in education and integration is one which Negroes (as well as whites) are no longer prepared to accept.

And the Coleman Report implicitly supports much of what the parents were fighting for (without \$1.5 million at their disposal to make their demands more scientific). In Jencks’ words:

“The Report makes a convincing though not definitive case for the view that student achievement depends largely on forces over which today’s schools exercise little con-

trol. Whether they could exercise more influence if they were organized and run differently remains an open question.”

The parents of IS 201 have an answer to that “open question.” They contend: If the school is organized and run differently, and if the school is more directly involved with forces which it now treats as outside its concern, student achievement would rise. Educational excellence without integration is possible.

These parents knew—perhaps better than the professional educators—that their individual and collective feeling of powerlessness and the resulting lack of self respect had had and would continue to have a crippling effect upon their children. They therefore demanded:

1. Black authority figures (e.g. a black principal) with whom their children might be able to identify and to whose position they might aspire. This was particularly important in view of the fact that the students were adolescents, thus impressionable and in the process of making life decisions.

2. Sympathetic teachers who respected black children, were supportive and encouraging, who did not reinforce feelings of insecurity, and who expected black children to learn.

3. Curriculum that reflected the Negro’s contribution to world and American history and filled the knowledge gaps left by years of omission and neglect.

4. Increased participation in their children’s educational lives. The parents knew that they, unlike white middle-class parents, had no place in the power equation of the New York school system. They also probably sensed that by being vigilant and un-intimidated, they would compel responsiveness and respect, not only from the school administration and teaching staff, but also from their own children.

They have said that the parents of Negro children must be as fully articulate, vigilant and un-intimidated as those of middle-class children. Moreover, those parents must be perceived and responded to by school authorities precisely as middle-class parents are, accorded the same respect and listened to with the same attentiveness.

In effect they are saying to educators that if a child with native intelligence is not achieving, the fault does not lie in the child. One must assume the technique is wrong, the relationship is wrong, the measure of achievement is wrong, the perception of the child is wrong. As with a doctor with a sick patient, it is more prudent to try changing the medicine and mode of treatment than to curse the patient for not getting well.

We have heard—and will continue to hear—much of the slogan, “Black Power.” But it is to be noted that the parents in IS 201 at several points have been willing to settle for a white principal—and that insistence on a Negro was not one of their original demands. What they wanted was a chance to participate in such a way that their children, seeing them, would

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Television and the Movies
 by Pauline Kael

know that even in Harlem a child has a chance. . . .

It is not just the student culture, or the quality of the teachers that is critical. It is the reality of respect and concern, the reality of helplessness in the face of indignity, the reality of failure at tasks which every student has the capacity to perform. This is what the Coleman Report, the Jencks review and the IS 201 controversy really point to. And if the change is to come, meaningful improvement in the quality of education, dramatic alteration in achievement and opportunity, then we must alter a system that in G. B. Shaw's terms condemns a man to be a bootblack and then goes on to prove his inferiority by his occupation.

The schools have long done that to the Negro. They have said to the parent: You are unworthy in our eyes to act as a parent; your understanding and your perception of your child count as naught; your beliefs about his ability and his potential are worthless. Of course, if you mix in enough middle-class children that attitude changes perceptibly. Parents become respected members of the community—persons whose approval and acceptance is desired by teachers.

But IS 201 says there is a different route to respect and a different route to educational excellence. Professional status and office confer a public trust. The parents are entitled to see that that trust is honored. But it has not been. Regardless of good intentions, regardless of gestures and rhetoric, that trust has been betrayed for gen-

eration after generation of educationally crippled children.

Democracy places in each man's hand the ability to compel officials to pay heed. The middle class has found ways of making that accountability work—in fact, it works so well that by and large it takes very little effort at all. The perception of accountability, the assumption of accountability is self-validating.

In IS 201, the parents have sought another way to compel accountability—to insure that they are no longer dismissed as irrelevant, untutored, ignorant and inferior. They say: we don't care what you think. We want a say and we are going to have a say. And they may be right. They certainly have not yet been proven wrong. Maybe a school committed to respect the individual, a school enjoying the confidence and support of the community, a school reorganized to reflect its faith in the pupil and the parent can achieve excellence—even if that community is poor and black.

It might even offer as much as the opportunity to be bused at 8:00 a.m. into hostile lily-white suburbs to attend a school where acceptance is from nine to three and where membership in the glorious student culture is merely at sufferance.

And that is the point that the Coleman Report leaves open, that Jencks appears to have missed—but that both unwittingly support.

FLOYD MCKISSICK

the task that historical novels should not be attempted is pedantic funk. . . . Somewhere along the line he should have said it is impossible to write a novel in English about ancient Greece because the novel hadn't been invented then and neither had English. Clearly Titian should have used fresco instead of oil paint or simply not bothered at all with those hybrid goddesses. . . .

In his last paragraph, his literatoric *coup de grace*, I am sure he intended to devastate all by his parenthesized riposte following mention of that fat nuisance to his theories, *War and Peace*, but he only succeeded in casting himself into the realm of unintelligibility. What *does* he mean by "(only just historical)"? That *War and Peace* is only historical, not great? That it is only historical, not fictional? That it is not a novel? That it is not successful fictionally (whatever that would mean)? Or that it is successful historically (whatever that would mean)? Or that it is just history? The parenthetical expression is probably an example of that shorthand (based on the assumption of understanding between reader and author) that he touts as the magic wand of the modern novelist. How, I wonder, would he dispose of *The Fifth Queen* and *Hadrian's Memoirs*, or has an antipathy for the medium kept him from reading them?

August Becker
New York, N. Y.

Anthologies

Sirs:

What could so have enraged Stanley Kauffmann about Steven Marcus' anthology, *The World of Modern Fiction* (November 19)? Certainly it is a gift-book, but one assembled—and produced—with taste and intelligence, one which neither patronizes its audience nor vulgarizes its subject. But Kauffmann seems to demand the asphyxiating critical "apparatus" of a textbook or the grotesque amplitude of a "one-set library for the intelligent non-specialist."

Kauffmann is peculiarly unfortunate in the selections to which he objects. Is Malamud really ill-served by "The Magic Barrel," or Mailer by "The Man Who Studied Yoga," or Doris Lessing

Correspondence

History and the Novel

Sirs:

After concocting a caricature of historical novel prose to scare us away from Mary Renault and the medium in general (November 19), Philip Toynbee implies that any author is a fool to attempt the medium because it contains enough pitfalls seldom to have been used successfully. It is certainly his privilege to criticize Miss Renault for not having surmounted all the pitfalls at once, but to suggest that because of her failure and the failure of others and the near impossibility of

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by the brilliant and heretofore unknown little masterpiece "To Room Nineteen"? It is silly and irresponsible to imply that only *The Assistant*, *The Naked and the Dead*, and *The Golden Notebook* will do. Morris Dickstein
New York, N. Y.

Who Gets in the Army

Sirs:

"The world is unjust," Mr. Moynihan tells us ("Who Gets in the Army?", November 5) and offers us a way out. His panaceas are the Selective Service System "as an instrument of social analysis and change," and the American armed forces as "an immensely potent instrument for education and occupational mobility."

He has missed some important points. The SSS, rather than being a bureau for "social analysis" is a meat grinder, providing young men for military service. The "change" Mr. Moynihan seeks can only come by changing SSS to a bureau whose ends are social, and not military.

The armed forces are not designed for education but for war, where young men butcher, and are butchered. The occupation generic to military service is murder and those best qualified for this calling are most potent when they follow orders, and let others do their thinking.

As a VISTA working with American Indians for the past seven months, I object to Mr. Moynihan's regarding the War on Poverty "as an effort to find ways to do something about the situation of Negro Americans . . . and the millions of whites . . . [as] an added argument." He neglected to mention not only American Indians, but Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, farmers, migrants, etc., and intones that the "single most important psychological event in race relations in the 1960's was the appearance of the Negro fight-

ing men on the TV screens of the nation." Let me submit that the War on Poverty will be more significant socially than the war in Vietnam, and that the military entrance to society is a backdoor which dehumanizes, while the poverty program is a valiant attempt to open the frontdoor of opportunity.

Ira B. Hayes, an American Indian, helped raise the flag at Iwo Jima, and died of alcoholism shortly after the war because the same attributes that made him a great soldier could not help him in a society which did not educate him or give him an equal opportunity.

VISTA, the Peace Corps, equality and education will go much farther in seeking a just world than SSS and the armed forces.

Burton H. Greene, VISTA
Minneapolis, Minn.

Correction

In the printing of Joseph Featherstone's review of *Lectures in the Philosophy of Education* by John Dewey, (October 29) two important bits of intelligence fell to the cutting room floor. First, that the lectures had not appeared in print before and, second, that they would not have appeared at all except for the expert editing of Professor Reginald D. Archambault. Our apologies to Mr. Archambault, Mr. Featherstone, and the shade of John Dewey.

THE EDITORS

Kauffmann, from page 22

Bayou Folk (1894) and *A Night in Acadie* (1897). She also wrote numerous poems and a play. Her first novel *At Fault* (1890) is, according to the reliable Ziff, "rather wooden. . . . She was trying her hand at full-length works too soon after beginning to write. . . ." Her only other novel, *The Awakening*, published in 1899, is an excellent and prodigiously courageous study of marital infidelity. It created a horrified reaction; it was banned from libraries, and Mrs. Chopin was excoriated. In the *Dictionary of American Biography* (1930) Dorothy Ann Dondore wrote: "It is one of the tragedies of recent American literature that Mrs. Chopin should have written

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this book two decades in advance of its time, that she should have been so grievously hurt by the attacks of provincial critics as to lay aside her pen." Mrs. Chopin died in 1904, at the non-advanced age of 53.

Wilson compares *The Awakening* to D. H. Lawrence, but Ziff's comparison to *Madame Bovary* seems more apt. Like Emma Bovary, Edna Pontellier is an attractive young woman married to a well-meaning dullard, she is a mother, she is involved with two men, she commits suicide. Mrs. Chopin is not Flaubert's equal; her book does not have Flaubert's complexity of character or subtlety of orchestration; it lacks the breadth of context to make its intense anguish seem like an ironic winking moment in cosmic nonchalance; and there is no one scene in *The Awakening* that is conceived with the genius of such an episode as the one between Emma and Rodolphe at the agricultural fair. But there are two respects in which Mrs. Chopin's novel is *harder* than Flaubert's, more ruthless, more insistent on truth of inner and social life as sole motivation. Edna Pontellier has her first affair out of sexual hunger, without romantic furbelow. She is in love, but the young man she loves has left New Orleans (where most of the novel takes place). Increasingly aware that her life is increasingly empty, she has a sheerly

sexual affair with an accomplished amorist. And, second, Mrs. Chopin uses no equivalent of the complicated financial maneuvers with which Flaubert finally corners his heroine. Edna kills herself solely because of the foredoomed emptiness of life stretching ahead of her. It is purely a psychological motive, untouched by plot contrivance.

The patent theme is in its title (a remarkably simple one for its day): the awakening of a conventional young woman to what is missing in her marriage, and her refusal to be content. Below that theme is the still-pertinent theme of the disparity between woman's sexual being and the rules of marriage. And below *that* is the perennial theme of nature versus civilization. The atmosphere of the book is that of frilled and formal New Orleans society (for, unlike Emma, Edna is not a provincial); but the book begins and ends with the sea.

It opens on Grand Isle in the Gulf of Mexico where the Pontelliers are summering, and it closes there. The very same sentence, about "the voice of the sea," occurs twice in the book. The first time, early in the story, is shortly after the following passage:

"Mrs. Pontellier was beginning to realize her position in the universe as a human being, and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her . . . perhaps more wisdom than the Holy Ghost is usually pleased to vouchsafe to any woman."

The sentence about the sea occurs once more, near the very end, just after the following:

"Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert [the young man she loves]; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery

for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she walked down to the beach."

I submit that this is an extraordinary paragraph for an American novel published in 1899. It is neither Nora Helmer nor Susan B. Anthony. It is an anachronistic, lonely, existentialist voice out of the mid-20th century.

Such anachronisms, inexplicable and marvelous, appear in all the arts from time to time: Vermeer, anticipating by two centuries the light of the French Impressionists; Büchner, anticipating by a century the German Expressionist drama. Kate Chopin was at least a generation ahead of her time. Her style is not free of Victorian upholstery: "spun-gold hair"; two lips "that were so red one could only think of cherries"; a cook serves "a delicious repast"; and so on. But these mannerisms of the day only make the other elements in the book all the more remarkable: the impatience with moral mythology; the insistence on emotional truth; the confrontation of the resultant consequences without plot contrivance or escape; the humane but unsparing eye for character; the dynamics of the story's cruel progress, step by inexorable step.

In the post-Freudian age, a certain patronizing view creeps into our reading of novels like this one, as if we thought that the author did very well considering that he didn't know as much about these matters as we do. An accompanying aspect is that we tend to give credit, even to Flaubert, on extra-literary grounds—pats on the head for being a pioneer. Still, after those aspects are either discounted or reckoned on, *The Awakening* remains a novel of high quality, fine in itself and astonishing for its day.

To discover a novel of such stature in the American past is both a happiness and an occasion for some shame. Not many readers would claim to know all of American literature, but some of us like to think that at least we know the best of it. *The Awakening* has been too much and too long neglected. That neglect—of a novel published at the end of the American 1890's, which had almost no immediate influence—sustains Mr. Ziff's thesis stunningly.

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